GWELYGORDD;

OR,

THE CHILD OF SIN.

A Tale of Welsh Origin.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE INFERNAL QUIXOTE, ABYSSINIAN REFORMER, CASTLE OF ST DONATS, &c. &c.

Pride is the serpent's egg, laid in the hearts of all, but only hatched by fools and wicked men. JOHNSON, *Author of Hurlothumbo*

VOL. I.

London:

Printed at the Minerva Press for

A. K. NEWMAN & CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.

1820.



GWELYGORDD.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER,

WHICH being the only dissertation in the following pages, ladies and gentlemen of fashionable reading may pass it over unread, without any loss of that historical information for which their minds are craving.

How far the title GWELYGORDD is appropriate to the contents of these volumes, will best appear to the readers when they have perused the work itself; it will be enough for the writer to say upon the lead-

ing title of his book, that GWELYGORDD is aboriginal Welsh, the old language of the inhabitants of this island; and since, through the faults of our forefathers, we, in this part of the island, have unhappily lost the use and knowledge of the old tongue, we ought to rejoice when we meet with a single word, and be most glad to understand it. Its antiquity, there is no doubt, is much higher than the Greek; it is full of genuine Hebrew roots, and decidedly proves its near alliance to the sacred-stamped language of Palestine. The Welsh, in short, is a most pure and perfect tongue; it stands singly, without any derivative support, an original dialect; and my Welsh term, GWELYGORDD, embracing the full sense of *ancestry*, *pedigree*, *family*, and all the venerable inheritances of pride, is certainly, while it partakes of the high and legitimate advantages that I have enumerated, a word of most wonderful euphony. If the lord Byron takes a Turkish word, *Giaour*, because his *infidel* is a Turk, and the obsolete English

Childe, when the meaning is any thing but the modern *child,* I think that there can be no apology necessary for my GWELYGORDD; nor do I aim to apologize, but to assert that GWELYGORDD is the very best of all possible words, out of all possible languages, to designate the present work. I shall only therefore add, that though the legal, full, and perfect sound can only be derived from the oral power of a true native of the principality, yet that the most flippant and mincing cockney strain may be sufficiently intelligible for all necessary purposes, by sounding GWELYGORDD, Gooligourd; the *double-u,* which is a misnomer in English, is correct Welsh.

It might here be investigated how a double vowel of the pristine alphabet was metamorphosed into a single consonant; how the shape of the English W is like that of a Greek long-sounding O; how the reading of Hebrew from right to left has an affinity to the custom of——but I forbear—if the antiquarian proceeds with this history, I cannot promise him any

more Welsh; he must, for a particular reason that I could give, be contented with GWELYGORDD.

As the novel-writer has generally two strings to the bow of his titlepage, I proceed concisely to comment on the second term to this work—

THE CHILD OF SIN.

The author has published three novels before. The *first* was the CASTLE OF ST. DONAT'S, which aimed to shew the dangerous and destructive habits of fashionable dissipation, and the fallacious examples of many eminent novels, on suicide, seduction, sudden reformation, and some well-known affected virtues. One passage in this work, to expose the adage, that "reformed rakes make the best husbands," a lady, of rather formal manners, thought so strongly written, that she obliterated the same; while another lady, more skilled in human character, pointing out the passage, said to a clergyman—"If I had a dozen daughters, I would desire them to read and remember this." The last lady

had two daughters, whose amiable lives have shewn, that a clear knowledge of evil is the best guard against vice. The writer and the preacher must speak plain, if they mean to do good.

The *second* novel was the INFERNAL QUIXOTE, avowedly written against the modern principles of atheism and licentiousness, disguised as philosophy and liberty: in this work the characters were almost all drawn from etchings of real life, and their doctrines and sentiments most correctly taken, literally, and without straining the meaning, from the actual publications of these impostors; so that however great the names, and however ridiculous, infamous, and contemptible, the sentiments of the Jacobins of that day were, there is not a man that has been able to advance one word against the veracity of any part of it; and the political facts, as to the Irish rebellion, &c. were taken from state-papers. The work was written to counteract the *revolutionary* mania among the community at large, and it has become

much more known to the higher orders than the author could have conceived. It was twelve years after the publication of the Infernal Quixote, that he found it had been translated into French immediately upon its coming out, and circulated by four great booksellers in Paris, directly to advocate the cause of religion, morality, and social order, when Buonaparte began to overthrow the Jacobins. It is extremely well translated, evidently by a French *gentleman*; the religious conversation is shortened, the satire against the French nation directly applied to the Jacobins, and the general ridicule of the pretended virtues of the modern infidels, and their pompous ignorance, amplified and fully exposed, with some explanatory and salving notes by the translator. The antichristian spirit which at that time contaminated all Europe, was nourished in the breasts of many pretended loyalists and royalists, courtiers, magistrates, the higher characters of the army and navy, and even the social and domestic citizen. The hero of this

tale, therefore, was a sincere Jacobin, while he was a proud aristocrat; for thus, at the military mess, and the hospitable table of the wealthy merchant, had the author detected this evil spirit in disguise in the evening, which the hair-dresser and retail tradesman openly shewed in the morning. One point (the only one he will further add) in this publication was to give the answers to the arguments of infidelity, so that the Christian might instantly see the weakness of, and reply to, the insidious remarks of the atheistical plagiarist.

The third novel was the BIBLE AND SABRE, which endeavoured to portray the practical result of REAL liberty, independence, and Christianity, in the hero, warrior, reformer, and philosopher. As the satire of the Infernal Quixote partook very strongly of sarcasm, so that of the Bible and Sabre may be noticed for its ironical bearing.

It is a subject of self gratulation to the author, that his candour, impartiality,

and conscientious intentions, have been never called in question, though unprotected by literary connexions, and unknown by advertisements, friendly and party critiques, and other means of publicity.

The present work takes a different field from either of the former. The author had not intended to write another novel, but the peculiar circumstances, and the very interesting characters that came to his knowledge, were an easy temptation; for among the many cants of the day, he knows none more contemptible than the cant of superior scholarship, in the general condemnation of novels. Our modern novels are particularly moral and religious, and the highest professors of divine attainments have recourse to a species of composition very similar, though a comparison may be drawn in favour of novels, if, to tell truth, under the veil of fiction, is more honourable than, exceeding the truth, "things wonderful to shew." And in the course of his life he does not know an in-

stance of a person professing generally to condemn novels, but through ignorance, pedantry, or bigotry.

But to preface his work with the summary remarks of a postscript is not the author's intention: let the *Child of Sin* be regularly developed.

THE CHILD OF SIN!—This is a term of a triple signification, and distinct in the different meanings: 1*st.* The *Child of Sin* is an expression adapted to every human creature, in its *natural* state, in contradistinction to a *Child of Grace*, in its regenerated one. It is in this light a religious application to the fallen condition of mankind, from which condition (the faithful Christian believes) the merits and mediation of the Christ alone can restore him.

2*dly.* The *Child of Sin* is, like the scriptural language, the *Son of Belial*, a term adapted to the sinner himself.

3*dly.* The *Child of Sin* is also a phraseology in common use for the children of

those *wretched (unhappy* may be a legal epithet of high authority, but I know no law paramount to the Christian, and therefore I disclaim that high authority) creatures who have passed their lives in gross sin. Thus the children of murderers, adulterers, robbers, perjurers, &c. are the children of sin; and I humbly think, if the receiver be a fellow-criminal of the thief, that the children of those who aid, encourage, defend, excuse, countenance, or palliate sin, are as actually entitled to the family opprobrium as the mere children of convicted guilt. But these direct and indirect *promoters* of evil, like the receiver, generally play their parts *wise* than the dramatis personæ; for, though they have no objection to participate in the benefits arising from vice, they, with prudential fears, avoid the perpetration . their children, therefore, are not so liable to the misfortunes (I may here use the word correctly) which the Scripture tells us are the natural consequences to the children of sin; while the child, whose history I

am about to write, had no escutcheon derived from paternal wealth, wisdom, rank, or title, to emblazon away the sinful pedigree—no Gwelygordd to buoy up human frailty. But it matters not of what parents of sin the poor children have the misfortune to be born; these are always objects of pity and of help to every upright and conscientious mind—to such (I mean) as read novels for a good purpose. Be the *sinful parents* an emperor, king, queen, prince, princess, archbishop, lord-chief-justice, or a shoeblack, lamplighter, chimney-sweeper, or hangman, *alike* are they who do the sin guilty BEFORE GOD, *alike* to be scorned and reprobated by man: but no further the condemnation of God or man proceeds; *the children* of the guilty are as pure, free, guiltless, and heaven-gifted, as any children; *these children of sin* are alike as innocent as others, and the more entitled to our pity and kindness. Here arises the question, does this vain world so consider them? does it so act towards them? The an-

swer is my tale. But though this vain world may be all for appearance, there is a society of Christians which not only fully allows these children of sin's innocence, but thinks them more peculiarly deserving of its assistance.

The foregoing observations are most relevant to my story, and if the reader either understands them not, or disapproves of them, let him throw the book aside; for, through some deficiency of mine or his own, he will certainly meet with vexation of spirit.

CHAPTER II.

LADY Apreuth and Miss Lucy Chamont were seated in the breakfast-room of her ladyship's house at Bath. The footman had closed the door with the tea-equipage, and Miss Chamont rose to get her drawings, being very anxious to finish some

transparencies for the windows of a room above stairs, which her ladyship wished to make a morning workroom of, and which at present was unpleasantly commanded by a neighbour, whose fashionable and polite daughters had little else to do, when confined within doors by the weather, and the arrangements of dress settled, than to scrutinize if lady Apreuth and Miss Chamont were at home, and disengaged; and thus often to pay needless and tiresome visits, which could not very politely be dispensed with. Her ladyship spoke, as Miss Chamont arose.—" I hope your disappointment, Lucy, in not finishing the drawing last night, was amply compensated by the introduction to lord Atheling, and his well-informed conversation?"

Miss Chamont acquiesced, and asked if he was likely to be one of her ladyship's visitors?

" He will probably call, and when Arthur and his wife come down, we shall see him frequently."

"He is lately, I think he said, come from Russia?" said Miss Chamont.

"No, my dear, he went to the northern courts the year before; his late tour has been through the Greek islands. I have not seen him since he was at Eton with Arthur. You were too young to remember him coming to our house in town. He was two or three years at the university; and even I did not remember him, till lord Henry Wykeham mentioned his name."

"Yes, I have so often heard sir David and Mr. Arthur speak of him, that I have clearly carried in my memory the tall haughty boy, that walked in and out of your house in town, as if he was studying the character of a great man; but, of course, *he* then never opened his lips to *me*."

"You did not find him so ungracious and consequential yesternight?"

"Not by any means, my lady; he did not, it is true, know who I was; and as I was not inattentive to his demeanour, I

easily perceived the seeds of consequence were only covered with politeness, good sense, and a knowledge of the world."

"Whence do you draw your inference?"

"From his remarks concerning the company—*who* they were, rather than *what* they were—and he spoke of the society in the public places of amusement at Bath, and even in private parties, as partaking of very little discrimination."

"Highly as I respect," said her ladyship, "every propriety of rank and consequence, these things, I think, more and more, ought never to be the subject of promiscuous conversation. We have a right to know who and what every one is with whom we are required to associate; but when casualty produces conversation, opinion has nothing to do with self-advantage in the world. I wonder such a sensible man as I hear lord Atheling to be, ever commits himself in these particulars; and a proud man, if he has feelings, and you know, my love, some of the proudest

have, should be most vigilant that he does not say, more than do, any thing that may create a sense of shame. Lord Atheling, when he knows and meets you here, my love, will, if he has a heart as well as a head, at first experience it."

"No, my dear lady, the conversation was too natural to him, and too trifling between us, to make any impression on his mind."

"I think, Lucy, you remarked one day, that it would be great wisdom never to say a thing, except through necessity, but what the whole world might hear."

"I borrowed the idea from your ladyship's earliest advice to me, when you so kindly permitted me to learn to write, with my young ladies, which I hope I have kept to all my life (her ladyship smiled *at her whole life*, as Miss Chamont was now eighteen), and I trust, by God's help, I ever shall—I mean, never to write a line that I should be ashamed to have publicly read."

"I wish all our sex could say the same.

I think my daughters can, unless Mrs. Marsham is an exception."

"Mrs. Marsham, madam, I'll undertake to answer for her, never wrote a line whose publicity would give her a moment's concern on her own account; I will not say so much on the account of others."

"You put me in mind of her letter to lady Surrey, when I had mentioned my daughter's wish that lady Caroline might be a bridemaid, and lady Surrey asked me if Miss Chamont was to attend her on that occasion? Get the letter, Lucy, and read it me. You know my saucy daughter said, when she first told us of the circumstance, last Christmas, that she gave us the copy for the benefit of the family."

Said Miss Chamont, as she returned with the paper—"I must remind you, ma'am, that I had scarcely entered my teens at the time, and that your most kind daughter gave it me, to keep as a sort of set-off for having told me of some of my faults."

"The day," remarked lady Apreuth,

"that you defended sir David about the fishponds, and she called you arrogant, insolent, and I know not what else; but, to make amends, told you the secret about the letter. Read it, Lucy."

"MY DEAR LADY,

"I conceive, from your question to my mother, that you will object to my dear lady Caroline's favouring me on an intended occasion. If I am equally honoured by my dear little Lucy, I need not inform your ladyship, that Miss Chamont became one of our family at the age of four, and has continued ever since; that we are attached by the most endearing ties of kindness, proved by many a trial, and rivetted by time. But I rest my introduction of this dear child, for she is now but fourteen, among my friends, upon the basis of her own worth; and I assert, that she is as amiable, excellent, and deserving, in every point of real goodness, as any lady or princess in these dominions; and

that no impropriety of language or manners is to be apprehended from her, more than from my own sisters, or your ladyship's daughters. Neither my mother, nor any friend, is informed of my troubling your ladyship with this. I am about to establish my own society, and will involve no one in my opinions; but I beg, most respectfully, to assure your ladyship, that I will not begin by sacrificing a real friend, to the pride, fashion, or folly, of the highest authority; and that though I acknowledge, and will ever support, the honour due to birth and rank, it is in deference to, and shall never be at the expence of, the humblest portion of merit and goodness.

"I am, my dear lady," &c.

"I ought to be ashamed," continued Miss Lucy, "to read my own praises thus; but I am so used to your generosity and very favourable opinion, that no prince or potentate has his merit more

courteously granted. I assure you, my ever dear lady, that my grateful feelings, and every portion of reason, teach me that your goodness demands the greater humility and faithfulness on my part, and this letter of praise reminds me that I merited dispraise."

"You may leave the letter with me, Lucy," said lady Apreuth.

Miss Chamont remarked, that the letter was a keepsake—a memorandum that, when Mrs. Marsham was next in a passion with her, the words did not come from the heart.

"Then give me a copy of it, my dear," said lady Apreuth; which Miss Chamont executed immediately. The young-lady soon finished the transparencies, and, with her affectionate protectress went up into the room to adjust them.

The honourable Miss Laureys, who had been anxiously watching the drifting sleet, threw hastily their shawls around them, and rapt at the door. "Is lady Apreuth

and Miss Chamont at home? Oh dear! it is a dreadful day; so as you are quite alone, we are come to sit an hour with you."

Soon after lord Atheling called; he was yet less precise towards Miss Chamont, though, on the preceding evening, and that morning, a friend had informed him that Miss Chamont was the child of charity, whom he had often seen at lady Apreuth's in St. James's-square.

It will bring forward my heroine's history to refer to the conversation between lord Atheling and Mr. Bereton, a young barrister, who explained to lord Atheling who Miss Chamont was.

CHAPTER III.

Lord Atheling had taken an early and an hasty breakfast, and had called on Mr. Bereton at his lodgings, by appointment,

to play a game of chess. Mr. Bereton had been at Eton and Cambridge with his lordship and Mr. Arthur Apreuth; and, the foregoing evening, as lord Atheling left the ladies, he met Bereton.— "Do you know Miss Chamont, lady Apreuth's visitor?"

"I have known her these fourteen years, and your lordship must have frequently seen her when we went with Arthur to his mother's."

"You don't mean to tell me that she is the beautiful little charity-girl that you used to admire so much, and buy sugarplums and dolls for."

"The very same, and I may use the language of Scripture to her, applicably, and without any impropriety, 'she has grown up in grace and in stature, and in favour with God and man."

"Good-night!" said his lordship; "the number of questions I shall have to ask you to-morrow about our old acquaintance will impede, I think, the intended game of chess."

Who could have thought that heard him, that his lordship was a proud man? yet good sense had so ably instructed him in the ease and gentility of fashionable manners, that it required an adept in the heart of man quickly to find it out.

Mr. Bereton was fully equal to the discovery, but it was not necessary for him; he had known his lordship from a boy, and had incessantly opposed this bad principle, by wit, ridicule, and reason, sometimes with temporary success, and never with serious affront.

The earl of Browover, also, for lord Atheling was a legitimate son of pride, had often experienced Mr. Bereton's opposition of sentiment; and when at any time the argument went strongly against the earl, he had an ingenious method of concluding the subject, and escaping from its force.—"Well, well, Mr. Bereton, I am most happy to hear you argue so ably. You will shine as an advocate. I think you have acted very wisely in your choice of a profession; but remember you must

take the other side of the question when you begin making your approach towards the chancellorship; 'this is good rising-ground, but it wont do to stand upon."

The gentlemen sat down to the chess-board, and won and lost a game each, without other than desultory conversation. As they were placing their respective men for the conquering game, lord Atheling began—"You would be astonished, Bereton, if you knew how much I have thought of this Miss Chamo[illegible] since I saw her last night; I cannot fancy her the child of low parents."

"Why not, my lord?"

"Her person, manner, whole appearance——"

"Has she not been brought up with the Apreuth family?"

"Will the bringing-up change nature?"

"Probably it will."

"But her delicacy—the tone of her voice—I may add the shape of her countenance, and easy air."

"I have seen some of our gipsy girls as pleasing, pretty, genteel, and easy, as the most courtly young misses."

"But the complexion and the contour of the whole face."

"Last spring I met a Greek sailor, wife, and three little ones, retaken from a French vessel, begging their way from Bristol to London. We made a liberal collection for them in my village, and they slept in a neighbouring farmer's barn. The man was a coarse sailor, the woman scarcely human; while the children, seven and five years old, and at the breast, were little cherubs with blue eyes and light hair; and they were as agile and graceful as playful Cupids. But, in the course of your travels, you have seen instances without number in every realm?"

"Yes, but the efflorescence of their beauty soon turns off."

"For want of nourishing and protecting it," replied Mr. Bereton. "I have seen the most beautiful, fair, and delicate

children, from the coarsest fathers and mothers. As they grow to maturity, the times and seasons, and employment, give a tinge and roughness, like the father and the mother; and I have seen, my lord, children of the higher rank, whose persons not every aid from worldly advantage could refine; though, at length, the natural cookmaid and ploughman seemed encased in an outward varnish. Shall I point out blubbered lips, goggled eyes, hanging ears, and other features of monstrosity, in noble and royal blood, and trace them to mercenary alliances, which even Portuguese, with Jewish, gipsy, and Morisco connexions, would be ashamed to own? Yet all these are refined by education, manners, and habit; and education, manners, habit, the very best of their kind, have made Miss Chamont, blessed by nature, what she is. She has had the advantage of instruction from all that excellent family, and she had not the misfortune of a superior fancy of feel-

ing to warp her mind from any kind of good."

"Tell me candidly, Bereton, are you in love with her?"

"In the noblest acceptation of the term; but not as a wife. Don't you know that I have been engaged these three years, to as sweet a creature as ever lived? and Lucy is now but eighteen."

"Lucy! Lucy! 'tis a familiar name—I beg your pardon—I had forgotten at the moment your matrimonial engagement: but what have I to do with her name? I am so earnest, so inquisitive about her, that you will ask *me* next *if I'm in love?*"

The last sentence was spoken so unadvisedly, superciliously, and so exactly as many a man of rank familiarly speaks, that a person who had not known him as well as Bereton, might have felt affronted at the contrast between himself and his friend, as if it were probable enough in the first case, but quite impossible in the second, that a man of his lordship's consequence

should so degrade himself by the sensation of love.

Mr. Bereton looked him hard in the face, smiled, and answered him candidly to the point—"You are the last man of my acquaintance that ought to fall in love with her, and therefore the last I should put that question to."

Lord Atheling smiled, too, at his friend's application, and, fully master of himself, brought the point more home—"Except my father, Bereton."

"No, my dear lord, not excepting the earl of Browover. There is a great difference against your lordship, if you, or your father, were to do what all, who think like you, would call the most foolish act in your existence. The young lady's beauty and great merit would excuse an elderly, better than a young man, because the former cannot be so likely to succeed with the ladies as the latter, and youth condescends in allying itself to age. The match with your father would only concern himself; but with his son and

heir, the whole pedigree, to endless generations, and every collateral branch, would feel themselves—what shall I say?—*involved*, I believe, will meet your meaning and mine own."

"*Involved* in indelible disgrace, in *my* opinion, I add," said his lordship, "and *involved* in human fancies, follies, and needless apprehensions, in *yours*."

"No, no, my lord, I'm not such a democrat," replied the young barrister. "You burlesque my sentiments as lightly as ever I have yours: no, my lord, I think hereditary rank one of the pillars of the state; even where actual worth and honour are not to be found, it is their representative; but I would never mistake the shadow for the substance, or let the name be a substitute for the thing. But bring we the argument close, my lord—Whom would you rather that a son of yours should marry—the daughter of his grace of ——, who has been the strumpet of—I not how many men, or that oyster-woman's daughter," pointing to a wretch in the street, "as yet

virtuous, though her father had been hanged, and the poor girl was born in adultery?"

"Such extremes are too horrible to have an answer—a preference; such forced cases are unnatural, and revolting to common reason and feeling. You might as well ask me, whether I would prefer the murder of my father or my mother? A dilemma of this kind will gain no ground in an argument."

"If I *have* strained the spring of reason, your lordship is right; but, strange and violent as was my supposititious choice, in *my own* mind there is not the least pause of a doubt; nor do I believe, my lord, in *yours*, though your prejudices—excuse my using the word here—in favour of rank, were increased a hundred-fold, and your good sense and good principle degenerated in an equal degree."

"My dear Bereton," said his lordship, more confused than displeased, for close argument always rouses a man's sense or his folly, "you are the most alarming dis-

putant I ever met with. Some years ago I was more used to you; but now mingling with men and manners of all kinds, as I have since, I am still less equal to repel these attacks of yours, upon the point of my nerves; you certainly teach me to bear better than any man of mine acquaintance."

"How bear, my lord?"

"Undoubtedly it was not my intention to say you teach me to bear with you; but I'll speak honestly—I rather meant to bear the truth, or something like it—at least what you conscientiously intend for it."

Thus the arguments of these friends, however strongly carried on, never entrenched upon their mutual respect; they always parted, though with different opinions upon a subject, with increased esteem for each other.

Mr. Bereton would often pity the prejudices of his noble friend, and his lordship lament the latitudinarian Quixotism of the barrister; yet his lordship's expres-

sion, that travel had not contributed to his general expansion of principle, was most true. Wherever he went, he still found the benefit of being the son and heir-apparent of the earl of Browover. Great and good as were the endowments of his mind, of his heart, and of his person, he had often perceived that his fortuitous rank was his best introduction to the noble, the wealthy, and the most lovely. He had seen these things with sorrow; but he had felt them true. Again, this fortune's boon, another, however gifted with mental and corporeal worth, could not acquire. He often met competitors, equals, and superiors, in learning, wisdom, prudence, courage, fortitude, equanimity, patience, kindness, charity, temperance, and holiness; but far more rarely, united with any of these, did he meet with rank and worldly advantages. How often did rank prove most valuable to him! There had been times when this very rank had stood in superior stead of many of the highest mental gifts. He had been electea

a member of the Academy of Sciences at A. because he was lord Atheling, son of the earl of Browover; he had been presented with the freedom of B. that the inhabitants might have the honour of adding to their list the honourable lord Atheling, eldest son of the right honourable the earl of Browover; he had been chosen a member of the C. Society, a patron of the D. Institution, a governor of the E. Charity; not to dwell on the borough of F. or to go through the rest of the alphabet in courtly introductions and noble entertainments, he had, (to conclude the sad list of pride taking precedence of virtue) he had been permitted to participate of the august and sacred ceremonies administered by the archbishop of Z. on account of his rank, in being the heir of an English earl, and entitled to all the privileges of the British senate.

CHAPTER IV.

Atheling, if he had not been born a lord, would have been alike noticed as a young man of good sense, principles, and temper; but to the misfortunes of rank and family, he added a too-early state of travel: the two first had been counteracted by the amalgamation of a public school; but the last had no alloy from a learned tutor, whose object was an annuity for life, and whose leisure was employed in arranging, not the ideas that had hastily been implanted in his pupil's brain, but the peculiar collection which was to embellish his intended book of travels.

Aftèr two years they parted. Avarice was the vice of the tutor, and he carried it to a needy participation with his pupil. of the stores of his own mind. Travel gives that zest for novelty, which few

young men can withstand, and, without Mr. Glosset, lord Atheling continued the chace for the WONDERFUL of courts and cities, states and people, throughout Europe and its empires. The best part of human knowledge is the knowledge of the heart; but travel itself merely furnishes the rudiments of things, and, ever and anon, the wanderer commences anew with his vocabulary, his grammar, and his dictionary. Different languages are but so many keys to the treasury of learning; and a man with one key may have searched the treasury deeply, while another is furnishing himself with an iron or a brass, a silver or a gold key.

Is human nature to be analysed as we travel post? Some one may talk of a more expansive knowledge of the world—yes, of countries and cities; but in what respect, of the interior of men and manners? The dandy boasts his knowledge of the world—of tailors, shoemakers, laundresses, and staymakers; the merchant feels confident in his knowledge of the world—of

three, four, and five per cent.—of creditor and debtor—of ledgers, invoices, discounts —of exports and imports, and, to a wide extent, of British and foreign markets, and of the course of exchange. The lawyer smiles to himself at any knowledge of the world equal to his own, as he looks over the engrossed deeds of his twenty clerks—as he contemplates in his various offices the labelled chests which contain the private affairs of many a conspicuous character—as he recollects his attendance at the different courts of justice far and near, and the memorable secrets which have been revealed only to his faithful ear.

The courtier despises them all; his knowledge of the world comes from the highest source; he obtains the earliest intelligence, he sees the very origin of the greatest things, he hears from the mouth of royalty itself, and where others doubt, he is assured; and to which of these, or of any others which might easily be sketched, shall we give the preference? In every case it depends upon the use

that is made of that knowledge, upon the depth of investigation, and practical extraction of motives, feelings, and thoughts; and many an humble inhabitant of a village will often evince a knowledge of the world, that astonishes a direct man of the world.

This supposed and real knowledge may not be inaptly applied to lord Atheling and Lucy Chamont. The fair maiden had imbibed but few lessons; but she had studied and practised more than his lordship; though the angry poet's memorable line of spite, when the spear of a female Ithuriel had exhibited, in his proper shape, the fiend of evil,

"Born in a garret, in a kitchen bred,"

might be applied to the heroine of these pages. She, like the other lady also, possessed that talismanic gift of truth, which, though it might rouse the venom of a high born and bred Childe, made her ever invulnerable and victorious. But not one of these mean excrescences sprung from the

pride of lord Atheling; for though he often lost the advantage of an amalgamation of character with lowly virtue, he yet never intuitively shrunk from the defilement of towering vice. Thus, in his travels, one kind of knowledge of the world, and the chief one which some travellers obtain, was greatly wanting to lord Atheling.

There were two points I must not omit to notice, particularly remarkable in Lucy Chamont: *First*, her personal beauty, that instantly seized admiration; *secondly*, a calmness of manner, that restrained every admirer at a distance, as if without a magic circle; but when the fair sorceress opened the portals of attraction, the blaze of light was irresistible. Lucy had been, till her ninth year, living in the household of lady Apreuth, universally beloved, but considered only in the light of a favourite domestic; when being in Wales with the family, the daughters of lady Apreuth took her with them a-walking, to see a fishpond that was making. Here, going over a plank, where a little bridge at the

head of the stream was to be constructed, Miss Susan, the youngest daughter, fell in. Away flew her sisters after the workmen, who were at the further end, while little Lucy caught up a long pole, ran down the bank, rushed into the water as far as she was able, and extricated Miss Susan, long before any one could come to her assistance. Though that young lady had been up to her neck in water, there was little danger of drowning; but without assistance, Miss Susan, full of alarm, could not easily have extricated herself from the deep bottom into which she had fallen. Both Susan and the little heroine were very wet; but they ran home, changed their clothes, and caught no cold. The presence of mind, and personal risk, of the child, naturally increased the esteem, as well as affection, of the whole family; and now Lucy was always in the parlour, or in the housekeeper's room.

A few years afterwards, when the two elder daughters of lady Apreuth were married, and about half a year before sir Da-

vid brought to the domes of his forefathers the lovely and amiable Emilia, the third daughter of lord Rawley, a dreadful fever raged in the family-mansion in town. Lady Apreuth and Miss Susan were now scarcely in a convalescent state, and the life of sir David was despaired of. Lucy Chamont had as yet escaped, and had received very strict injunctions not to go into sir David's room.

In the midst of the confusion of the family, when two servants, who had introduced the fever into the house, were already buried, the physician gave particular orders to the nurse, not for a moment to leave sir David, who was insensible, but to continue sponging him all over with vinegar and water till he returned. Lucy, an hour or two afterwards, saw the nurse coming down the back-stairs, and heard her answer to a question from a footman, with all the consequential assurance of the character, that sir David would be certainly dead before the morning. The nurse appeared, even to the young lady, evidently

inebriated; and, without a moment's suspense, she followed the nurse up stairs, saw her close the bed-room window, and throw herself into an arm-chair. Lucy entered the chamber; the nurse began to doze, and without loss of time, the young attendant, who had anxiously listened to the physician's commands, reopened the window, and began applying over the face and neck of sir David the antiputrescent remedy, which stood neglected by the fire. She continued her work, and was busily employed, when the physician returned, saw Miss Lucy intent upon her new avocation, and the nurse asleep in the chair. A few words explained the matter, and the young lady's affectionate disobedience. With the most consoling remarks, and prudential caution, the physician permitted her to continue her kind offices, till he had sent from the public hospital two proper persons, and the nurse was immediately dismissed.

The physician gave it as his decided opinion, that sir David could not have

survived, without that divine agency which Lucy was the happy means of administering; and medicines, to counteract the baneful effects of her attendance, or prepare her for the dreaded attack of the complaint, were, without loss of time, given her. Hopes were entertained of sir David after this memorable night, who now began gradually to recover. Lucy had the fever, but, probably in a great degree owing to the preparatory remedies, not dangerously or violently; it was, as the learned physician himself described it, like the paralysed attack of the smallpox after vaccination.

As soon as the young heroine was able to sit up, she became the convalescent companion of sir David, whose grateful heart was soon informed that, by the blessing of God, he owed his life to the affection and courage of his voluntary young nurse.

Amid the common affairs of life, friendship is not often put to the trial; when it comes forth pure from the ordeal, its ster-

ling value is never forgotten. So it was with Lucy Chamont; from a child she was to be depended upon; she was seldom hasty, never violent, sometimes appeared uninterested, but always acted with effect. Lady Apreuth, one day speaking of her, said—"I believe, if the house was on fire, that she would herself go into every room, if it were possible, before she would be willing to leave it."

The misfortune of her birth, of which she might be said to be never kept in ignorance, gave her a peculiar kind of character, where self-vigilance was never off its guard; and whether or not her manners, at her first appearance, were to the taste of a stranger, they were sure to achieve the victory over opinion by their evident sincerity. From this inspection of the storehouse of the young lady's mind, I will give a superficial view of her exterior appearance. Her hair was like the finest silk, of a rich yellow colour, such as the Roman and Grecian poets feigned

that their divinities possessed; her form was rather of the noble Roman standard; while the shape of her head, the contour of her countenance, and every lovely feature, shewed the Grecian model. Such indeed was the symmetry of her shape, that no covering could hide it; and many an artist has been known to follow her with delight, without seeing her fair face; but he who had first seen that face, required more than a single observation to give an account of her person. To this purpose, a very fashionable young lord answered, when he was asked if she was tall or short—"I should conceive myself to be a most insensible wretch, if, seeing her for five minutes, I could withdraw my eyes one moment from her countenance." Is it Mr. Bowles who tells us that Pope was very much smitten with an handmaid of the duchess of Queensberry? Hence the memorable lines—

> "If Queensberry to strip, there's no compeling,
> 'Tis from an handmaid we must take a Helen."

But had the poet seen Lucy Chamont, he might have refined on—

> "Oh! get one view of charming Lucy's face;
> Inspir'd, you view each virtue, beauty, grace!"

Her complexion was very clear, and the most animating carnation hue gave that lip reality, which in vain the most perfect and beautiful colours of art aim to imitate; and, while the blue vein shewed the fineness of her skin, her complexion varied its red and white with every passing thought; so that the most censorious fair could not venture one hint of cosmetic aid, nor the most impudent of the other sex indulge a hope that there was the least concealment in her mind to favour his own evil.—*Procul! O procul! este profani!*—Far, far off, each libertine shrunk appalled; one glance from her eyes fixed him irrevocably in the conscious state of Tantalus. The very lions, we are told, respect the purity of virgin loveliness: such respect from all the presence of Miss Chamont created. So plea-

sant was her countenance, so fascinating her manner, that the very air around her seemed more pure and holy; and there was a worthy old gentleman of the name of Thomson, who was not at this period acquainted with her, who, unobtrusively, would for hours sit and view her, as she conversed at the rooms with lady Apreuth and others.—"It does me good to see her," said the stranger, to an elderly lady of great worth and fashion; "she gives me the idea of a seraph in heaven. I have heard that there is a melancholy story connected with her history; but I cannot say that her beaming countenance gives any indication of it."

He spoke true; her thoughts were pure, her heart was at ease.

CHAPTER V.

THE reverend Arthur Apreuth, with his wife, came in a few days after to visit his mother at Bath, and lord Atheling and Mr. Bereton were frequently in Miss Chamont's company. With Mr. Arthur, general Maurice, who was lady Apreuth's brother, returned; for lady Apreuth's house was his home, and he had been on a visit to his nephew at his parsonage. Lord Atheling was a new acquaintance to him, for the general had not been returned many years from the East-Indies; but to know was ever the prelude to love the worthy general, who, wherever he went, carried about with him that universal blessing of a good temper.

By lord Atheling's visits at lady Apreuth's, his lordship soon understood, from general conversation, that not only

early traits of ability, but some peculiar circumstances of good conduct, joined to a steady and grateful mind, had induced lady Apreuth to change the destined station of little Lucy, from that of a menial to an associate with her own children; and Mrs. A. Apreuth, speaking of her one day, said—"I do not believe that there is an individual of my husband's family, or any person in friendship and connexion with it, that ever had a moment's cause to think the resolve inconsiderate or improper."

Mrs. A. Apreuth was a Devonshire lady of great prudence and good sense, and her husband, with very considerable learning, was as mild, modest, easy, and pleasant, as a child. At school and at college, he had been a general favourite.—"Arthur, I have been so hurried, will you give me a few Latin verses?"—"Arthur, will you help me out with my theme? will you construe this Greek lesson to me?"—"Arthur, will you make my excuse to my tutor? will you look over and correct this

exercise, which I am to say in the common-hall?"—" Arthur, will you walk—go on the water? will you dine with me?" Any thing but the boisterous exercises—and in all large parties, Arthur was an excellent *hearer*; for the only way in which you could discover any of the family pride in Arthur was, that, among strangers, he was rather a shy man. In short, Arthur was very like his maternal uncle, general Maurice, who, though not a prominent character in the progress of this history, will soon become more known.

The excellent living that Mr. Apreuth now possessed in Devonshire was presented him by the earl of Browover—of course, by the solicitation of his son, for the families were not otherwise acquainted; and soon after he went down to his living, he met with the lady to whom he was afterwards married, the only daughter of the late incumbent, and a distant relation of the Atheling family.

Mr. Bereton soon left Bath on his pro

fessional concerns, but lord Atheling staid till lady Apreuth went to town, to meet sir David and his lady at their joint town-house in St. James's-square, when, on account of room, general Maurice went into lodgings. His lordship then waited upon, and remained some time with, his father, ere he commenced another tour, and Mr. Apreuth returned to his parsonage. The Apreuth was a family that lived in great harmony, and with the best understanding of one another's tempers, dispositions, errors, and weaknesses; and though in their sojournment together, many ebullitions arose from contradictory opinions, and from that inclination, which appears the stronger the more familiar is the intercourse of domestic society, of having its own way, or taking a decisive lead, yet goodwill was never violated, nor did "the sun ever go down upon their wrath."

Mrs. Marsham was generally the heroine in these scenes. "Do go to bed, my dear," said her husband, in the midst of a violent altercation with sir David.

" Good-night, my dear sir David!" said Mrs. Marsham, at once jumping up and kissing her brother; " we'll quarrel it out at breakfast to-morrow morning."

" Then you shall not breakfast with me," said lady Apreuth.

" Let it be the first time we are alone, sir David."

" I'll take care not to be alone with you," replied her brother. " Well, good-night, and God bless you all!" and to bed at once went Mrs. Marsham.

In vain lady Apreuth reasoned and remonstrated at such folly and nonsense; they were rather dutiful than obedient; yet she once confessed to Mrs. Marsham herself, that however unpleasant at times such family disputes were, she had certainly experienced more amusement than dissatisfaction from the quarrels of her children.

" Now we shall be all by the ears in five minutes," said Mr. Arthur, one day,

as he handed Mrs. Marsham out of her carriage.

"My dear brother! this from you!" replied his sister, consciously hurt.

"Nay, Susan," replied Arthur, "you should rather take it as a compliment; for I certainly meant it as a satire upon my mother, Miss Chamont, and the rest of the family here."

It was a very pleasant thing to lady Apreuth thus to have her youngest son's company at Bath, and her eldest in town. Mrs. Marsham, who was married to a man of very large fortune, not unlike in temper to her younger brother, was here and there and everywhere. Her ladyship's eldest daughter was gone to India with her husband, sir James Stolander, who was in a very high station in the law; and lady Vescule, her second, who was the greatest beauty in the family, generally resided in Ireland, at lord Vescule's admired seat near Dublin. These were the whole of the Apreuth family, two sons and three

daughters, all married and established, and her ladyship not yet sixty years of age.

Lord Atheling saw no more of lady Apreuth and Miss Chamont till the next autumnal season at Bath.

Lady Apreuth was too much a woman of fashion, and had too much good sense, not to be upon her guard concerning all characters. Lucy Chamont had ever as yet behaved well, but perhaps she had never met with adequate temptation.

A year or two before my history commences, lady Apreuth had taken into her family the son of one of her tenants, James Howel. The lad had been well instructed at an English school, instituted by the late sir David, a most amiable man, whose literary habits had hastened his early career. James soon acquired London manners; and lady Apreuth's servants being in general very respectable, after a winter in town, the young Welshman became to every one an object of notice. He was very handsome, and of a modest and man-

ly countenance, and a spirit of heroism guided every action. He was quite an oracle among the servants; he had been once in the gallery of the House of Commons, to wait for sir David, on a particular question, and he entertained the whole hall by his narration of the speeches which he had heard; but with greater pleasure would he describe the sermon of a celebrated preacher, when he had attended his lady to St. James's.

Lady Apreuth very soon declared that young Howel was too well-informed to remain as a servant. Her ladyship began to fancy also that the young man paid a yet more earnest respect to Miss Chamont, who was in her eighteenth year. Narrowly she watched this child of her affection. The same idea soon influenced the mind of her son and her daughter during the present winter. More than once the conversation among themselves turned upon the subject.

Mrs. Marsham, when she joined them,

was soon convinced—" Did you observe James, mother? he had a mat ready for Lucy to step over the grass-plat."

" He certainly," said sir David's wife, " was intended for a general, if he had luckily met with a recruiting party, instead of our family."

" I think," said her husband, " he would make an admirable missionary; he is very quick in learning, and he has as much patience as fortitude."

" I must otherwise provide for him," said lady Apreuth; and she one day very kindly told him, that his manners, education, and behaviour, were superior to a menial servant; and she asked him what trade he would like to learn, and she would pay the apprentice fee for two or three years, when, if he conducted himself as she had reason to expect, she would set him up in his business. He chose a cabinet-maker, and left lady Apreuth's family; but he had a general invitation to the house, and often on Sundays dined with the upper servants. Lucy Chamont was at

first glad to hear of his being so well provided for, but soon expressed doubts of his situation, though always mingled with good wishes for his success.

One day the old housekeeper, who was a very worthy woman, said to her mistress—"Does your ladyship know that Miss Lucy writes to James Howel?"

"No, Mrs. Welfare."

"Yes, my lady, and she is to meet him alone this very morning."

"How and where?"

"She asked my permission to see him alone in my room, my lady, and said she would tell me the reason another time. You go up stairs to dress, my lady, at four, and he is to come at that hour; it seemed to me to be on purpose that you might be ignorant of it."

"Take no further notice, my good friend; let it be so."

Lady Apreuth went up to her dressing-room as usual, and reasoned with herself—"Well, perhaps it is the best alliance she can form; he is a very worthy young man,

of great promise, and probably will equal herself. It rather indeed disappoints my hopes of her; we shall all feel something deceived: but this intrigue shall soon be brought to a close; I'll have no private meetings."

In such a train of reasoning lady Apreuth remained till Miss Chamont made her appearance.—"Where have you been, Lucy?" in a note lady Apreuth spoke that asked an answer.

"I have been keeping an assignation of rather a strange kind, ma'am."

Lady Apreuth looked astonished, as if to say—"Is it possible, after all, that the girl can have this effrontery?" But Miss Chamont having never encountered suspicion, did not dwell an instant on the expression in the question; and though roused by the look, had not at once interpreted it.

"You look surprised, my lady?"

"Well I may, child—speak to the purpose."

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Lucy, with thought more quick than the lightning, as the tears rushed into her eyes—"I beg your pardon, my dear madam, if I have done amiss. I wrote to James Howel—Mr. James Howel, I ought to say—to come to me in the housekeeper's room at this hour, because I knew the circumstance would be less noticed."

"Well, my dear, I am not angry; go on."

"Your ladyship has probably heard that he is turned Methodist preacher."

"Methodist preacher!"

"He has taken out a licence, and addressed all the servants last Sunday evening. The moment I heard of it accidentally from Mrs. Welfare, without informing her of my motive, I wrote to him to come here, and have endeavoured to dissuade him from acting in this manner, as by so doing he will offend you, and is more likely to do harm than good."

"What did he say?"

"He spake quite in the characteristic

strain—that it was better to offend man than God; and I told him, that by occasionally associating with the servants, he might instruct them by good conversation and behaviour—'But though you have a licence,' I said, 'it is illegal to preach in a private house; and thus you break two laws, the law of your country, and that of gratitude towards your benefactor, which I think, Mr. Howel, is a very bad way of beginning well. Besides, you cannot proceed, as my lady, the moment I have informed her, will forbid you the house."

Lady Apreuth felt more pleasure from another cause than indignation at the preacher, and said—"Will he listen, my love, to your advice?"

"I cannot say, ma'am; I told him I should now immediately speak to you upon the subject."

Lady Apreuth was very well satisfied, and put a stop to his coming to the house at any time, unless he was invited; but she did not withdraw her favour. The young man continued his ministry; but

after the novelty was passed by, made little popular progress. His language and doctrine were too much laboured, too much like those of a person who wishes to learn and improve, than of one, who, self-confident and presuming, is borne away without a check of diffidence and distrust, before the full tide of vanity. But he still continued in the ministerial office, and improved also in his daily business. Whether this young man was particularly attached to Miss Lucy does not at present appear; this circumstance for the time broke off any nearer acquaintance; the situation of my heroine at Bath introduces again lord Atheling, though nothing of moment occurred till the day after the Apreuth family and the young orphan had departed for town.

Lord Atheling was taking leave of his friend Bereton at the door of the York Hotel—"You remember our conversation last year about Miss Chamont, my lord?"

"What induces you to ask the question at this moment, Bereton?"

" Walk back into the room for a few minutes, if you please. Lead the horses about," (to the groom). " I would not" (as he closed the door) " have her name profanely heard from my lips by any of these people. I do not think it possible that I could have a sister to whose fame I would be more delicately attentive than to this amiable child of——"

" Of sin!" said Bereton, calmly.

His lordship absolutely started, and retreated a step from him.

" *Of* sin, as coming from others, I mean; but of every virtue under heaven, as possessed by her dear self, I from my soul believe."

His lordship breathed deep to recover himself.—" But I hope, my dear Bereton, you have never seen the least thing particular in my conduct towards her, that induced you to ask me the question in the passage?"

" Not in any respect, my lord; but you said, when taking leave of the family this

morning, that you hoped to see them in your way through Devonshire."

" You are not ignorant that I had been at Arthur's, in Devonshire, before I was acquainted with Miss Chamont. I have now some business of my father's in that county—would you have me avoid my friend's house?—and I solemnly assure you, Bereton, that when alone with this most interesting lady, I have never addressed her but in such language, that if every lady's maid in Bath had chosen to listen at the door, not one could have found occasion to encourage or countenance any idle supposition, that the mind might have before indulged in."

" I do not doubt, my lord, your good principle or good practice; but your steady caution, to my suspicious eyes, shewed the constant shadow of apprehension. My wife remarked to me yesterday, how greatly lord Atheling admires Miss Chamont, and as respectfully as if she were his sovereign."

"Your wife, my dear fellow," said his lordship, affecting ease, "is not far from the mark; the young lady is deserving of it; and her husband, whoever the happy man may be, shall be welcome to remark the same: but I'll never give him nor her, nor friend nor foe, occasion, with their utmost scrutiny, to draw any other conclusion to my attention. I shall not see her again till I go into Devonshire, unless, by chance, I should call for half an hour on sir David in town; but if I am in England, probably I shall meet you all next year at Bath. By that period I have little doubt that every ephemera, warmed into life by human fancies, will have flown away for ever; and if again they are born, they'll die away with their short day, and neither affect myself nor the sweet girl, nor a friend nor an acquaintance."

"I'm very happy to hear you talk in this strain; I will only say, that if Miss Lucy remains unmarried, and you are ever inclined to believe it possible that your esteem and admiration for this child

—not of misfortune, for that, in no respect, I am most happy to say, is her lot; nor will I add the other expression, for, though true, it sounds so harsh—but I'll begin my sentence anew."

His lordship smiled.

"If your esteem and admiration for this dear child of all our *love* should ever increase to a most distant wish to possess *a superior right*, I earnestly beg that you will remember my friendship, and give me the first notice of the same."

"What do you mean, my dear fellow?"

"Such a thought of love and marriage, your lordship knows and feels far better than myself, *will not, cannot, must not, proceed from such a source to YOU.* Yet suppose it possible, I have that to tell, clear and decisive, that would crush it at its very birth."

"Tell me now."

"It is not necessary—it will require some time, and you already know the leading points, my lord, of that which I allude to—that admiral Maurice, attending

at the annual meeting of the patrons and subscribers to the Philanthropic Charity, heard the case of a little girl, lately admitted, as peculiarly claiming commiseration—that when the children were presented to their benefactors, and he inquired which was that child, her youth, innocence, and beauty, so affected the brave veteran, that he took her away in his carriage, carried her into Wales, and begged the favour of his niece, lady Apreuth, to bring her up in her own family. You have heard also of his legacy, and the continued kindness of his relations?"

"Not particularly; nor is it of any consequence, as you say, *at present;* and I will venture to add, *never* will be any further than my best wishes towards her."

"The legacy was two thousand pounds, so settled that no future husband, or any other person than herself, can ever receive the interest."

"Thank you for this parting conversation, Bereton; as you often say, it can do no harm, and may do some good: and now,

since the ice is broken, I will say one word more. If any thing ever happens to Miss Chamont, marriage, or any casualty, inquire where I am, and instantly give me the particulars. I will not attempt to hide from you, nor would I, even from my father, if he knew that there was such a person, and I have no objection that he should know, that I am interested in every thing that concerns her."

His lordship mounted his horse, and went off with the greatest indifference (though not according to his usual method), in a hand-gallop, till he came to the turnpike on the London-road, when, highly vexed at his own want of command over his thoughts, he proceeded leisurely back again, as his road led through the city of Wells.

CHAPTER VI.

General Maurice was in India at the time of his elder brother's taking the interesting little orphan under his care, and at the period of his death; but when he returned, he was as willing as able to have supplied that loss to the child, had it been necessary. At Bath he regularly sat at the bottom of his niece's table; but in town he went into lodgings, for the mutual convenience of the double family, though sir David respected him as a father. General Maurice had nothing of a military character, except his fashionable manners, about him; but, having signalized himself by great personal courage to quell a mutiny in the East, his character was very well known to all military men, and he had been particularly noticed by his sovereign. He saw not unmoved Miss Chamont's first

acquaintance with lord Atheling, but his lordship's correct and regular demeanour removed all apprehensions, and his hopes were still alive for a young Welshman of fortune, who, from childhood, had admired his dear little Lucy.

This gentleman will be noticed when we get into Wales; but among the admirers of Miss Chamont, let me not omit at present, for now is the time that the all-powerful influence pervaded him, the honourable and reverend Sidney Wardine, lord Laureltine's second son. No pains or expence had been spared in his education, and he was certainly a very accomplished scholar. He was remarkably ready at Latin and Greek exercises; an epigram or copy of Latin verses flowed at once, *ore rotundo,* or *currente calamo.* He was very satirical, rather irritable, and to complete his literary fame, he had signalized himself among the most desirable critics of that famous northern review, in which so many of our young nobility have shone. One of the *most desirable* I say, because

his critical effusions were bestowed *gratis.* But what are these proud trophies to a young lady? He was, moreover, then a fluent Frenchman—that was no recommendation to Miss Chamont. He understood something of music, and dancing, and drawing, and he was very well skilled in all our best English poets—I now speak to the purpose—in every amiable and sensible woman's opinion; and Mr. Wardine, at times, was not an unacceptable acquaintance to Miss Chamont. As for his person, he had no cause to complain; and if his taste had been equal to his fashion, it might have appeared even to better advantage. As for his *heart,* which, by the bye, is a little spot more worthy of cultivation than all the brains, in despite of doctors Spurzheim and Gall, throughout the world, *that* had been suffered to lie waste, while the interior of the head was tilling. This heart of his might have been as noble, generous, patient, courageous, modest, and reasonable, as that of any of his fellow-creatures; but the head was so vain

of itself, that, like an elder brother, it would suffer no education to be given its dependent younger one; and thus the poor heart was agitated with all the weak, vain, and silly passions, that the veriest squire or prince has ever indulged in. Mr. Wardine had taken holy orders, for a very substantial reason—because his noble father could give him two livings, and get him a prebend, with the chance of other contingencies.

When Mr. Wardine came to one of his livings, had mounted the pulpit, and saw what a set of clowns he had to deal with, he put aside his sterling sermon, and gave them a little loose mental change, which new oratory was put a stop to, by the following coming to his notice. A farmer being asked how he liked his new parson—"Why, he reads main well, considering the tossing of his head, but he gave us some extrumpery botheration in the pulpit, somewhat like the Methodists, but not half so good; for he talked of *crooked politics* and the *line of beauty*, and he

could not say by heart one text of scripture right."

Now it is very remarkable, that though the head had so many advantages, and had originally thus maltreated its dependent brother, the other had at length indirectly gained the ascendancy; so that the superior dominion of the accomplished head was often called in question, and completely controverted, by the rude and wayward heart; so, not to have recourse to a low simile, the beloved Ferdinand of Spain yields to the suggestions of an illiterate monk, barefooted, and wrapt in a horsehair mantle. Yet had it been a long time before the head and heart of the honourable and reverend Mr. Wardine could settle between them, in what manner to proceed on account of their united feelings for Miss Lucy Chamont. Said the head—" It is impossible that we can get a better wife." Said the heart—" Would you throw away all your acquirements? my natural endowments shall be united with birth, wealth, and

honours." But soon the heart also got interested, and then, in vain, did the head try to reason, to talk about time, patience, and fleeing from the enchanting object. One evening, after a full debate, Mr. Wardine took up the pen, and scrawled—

" My bosom-lord is Love alone;
Supreme he mounts my heart, his throne,
The Senses wait for his decree
To feel, to look, hear, smell, or see.
Obedient, too, the Passions stand,
Nor move, unless by his command.
No other god or goddess dare
'Gainst his decree to interfere.
Ambition strives to force a seat,
But prostrate falls at Cupid's feet;
Insidious Wealth, with all his wiles,
Shrinks back, appall'd at Cupid's smiles;
Attended by a numerous train,
Comes pompous Pride, but comes in vain;
Next, well-tried troops, in phalanx strong,
By Learning's god led, march along.
Young Love observes, with laughing eye,
The prowess of the enemy;
Holds the white flag, sweet sign of peace,
That Love and Learning's war may cease;
Learning is caught, and Love, so wary,
Appoints the god his secretary."

The next morning, nearly about the time that lord Atheling had departed, he, without apprehension, waited upon the lady, and begged the favour of a private audience. He was clearly understood, and yet the fair object gave him no encouragement. He declared most fully his pretensions. Miss Chamont mildly, though firmly, answered with a decisive negative. But let Mr. Wardine tell his own story, as his rebellious heart, in spite of the admonitions of the head, told it to Mr. Bereton, an elderly gentleman of the name of Thomson, and two or three fashionable friends, in a public room at the York Hotel, a few hours after lord Atheling had departed, as he was waiting to be taken up by the mail, having ordered his servant to take them places, when warm with his disappointment.—"I suppose the whole town will know in four-and-twenty hours how that hussey, Lucy Chamont, lady Apreuth's saucy beggar has served me."

"I think it not unlikely," said Mr. Bereton, "though I can't conceive to what you allude at present."

"Upon my life, I made her an offer this very morning."

"I could do the same thing," said a very young man present, "if I had any hopes."

"Well, sir, and is it to be believed, the slut refused me."

"Indeed!" said half the company, though not one with a note of surprise. But full only of himself, Mr. Wardine proceeded—"The girl has not a sixpence in the world."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Bereton, calmly interrupting him, "she has two thousand pounds."

"Well, well, sir!" said Mr. Wardine, impatiently, "two thousand is as nothing to a man of any fashion. In short, she is the mere child of charity; not a creature knows who her father or mother were, any more than the progenitors of the man in

the moon, and yet at once she refused *me*."

"Surely, sir," said Mr. Thomson, with an admirable gravity of irony, enough to have blinded one less vain than Mr. Wardine, "she did not understand you?"

"Yes, yes, my good sir, she did understand me well enough, and answered me plainly enough. The simpleton to refuse *me*, who have the prebend of Koluxter, two livings worth fifteen hundred a-year, and ten thousand pounds left me by my old uncle, besides famous prospects."

"She must have been ignorant of all this," remarked Mr. Thomson.

"Not at all, sir; she knew it well enough; and she wilfully and impudently refused me! The girl must be mad. I should not be so provoked if I had not made her the offer. I had not an idea of such a thing as a refusal. I asked that stupid old maid, lady Mary Stately, my aunt, what she thought of it before I called on the girl, and she said—'Oh! no doubt,

Sidney, she will be highly flattered and gratified with an alliance so honourable; besides, Sidney, your——' I cannot speak or think of it with any patience! Is it to be believed——"

"Your word," said Bereton, calmly, "will make every one know and believe it."

While the other proceeded—"Is it to be believed, she refused *me*, and would not give me any reason—would not even say that she was engaged to somebody else? Yet I do think, at last, she rather provokingly said something like 'not admiring me or my manners.' A little puritanical, conceited, hypocritical, and methodistical hussey! I deserve it all for making an offer to a girl, a child, a chit, who is a mere refinement upon quakerism!"

"Your deserts I'll not dispute," said Bereton, "nor object to any of your epithets but *conceited and hypocritical*, which you'll not defend; as to the methodism, if you mean a conscientious sense

of the vital principles of religion, I agree with you."

"Nay, Mr. Bereton," said the young man, "you are too particular; losers have ever leave to complain."

"Sir," said Mr. Wardine, angrily, to the last speaker, "spare your pity and your wit. It is a provoking affair, and among your Bath tattlers, it lowers a man to have been refused by a Miss without birth or fortune; not that I care for all your Bath gossips and gamblers, and beaux and belles; but it is provoking, as it concerns *me*, my character, and station, and family. Abominable! why, I might get a deanery directly, and a bishopric in a few years, if I would listen to my father, and make up to the little crooked daughter of his grace of Wasteland."

"Who can say, but that, if you were a bishop and a widower, she might then approve you?" said Mr. Bereton.

"Approve me, sir! I don't think she'll get three thousand pounds a-year laid at her feet again very soon!"

"I don't say that," said Mr. Thomson, laughing, "if I thought she would listen to an old man; but," correcting himself, "your age and abilities, sir, must be put in the scale in your favour—yes, and your family too."

"Such a girl as this," continued Mr. Wardine, egged on again by the last remarks, "why, sir, she was born in Newgate, and brought up at the Philanthropic. Not a living being knows more of her!"

"If you mean *what she was* as to her early history, I think I can tell you a few trifles more," and Mr. Bereton mentioned some particulars: "and now, as to *what she is*, the very great honour, my dear fellow, you have conferred, upon her, sufficiently shews; which honour the little hussey, for I know she is secret enough, would never have divulged, had not you favoured us with the wonderful truth, or unless your honourable aunt, the lady Mary Stately, should think proper to edify her parties with it."

Mr. Wardine could not fail to feel this,

and lost all his patience, till, stamping with vows and vexation, he rushed out of the room.

When the laugh of the company had subsided—" What a noble girl!" said Mr. Thomson; " if I were not an old man, and—and—had the first title in the kingdom, and had never seen her, I should fall desperately in love with her, and ride off, though it were to the other end of the globe, to try my fortune, if it were only for her good sense in refusing this accomplished scholar. I shall break through my usual rule in favour of this lady, and get my friend general Maurice to introduce me to his sister and family."

The gentleman who spoke had been about six years a resident at Bath; he was nearly seventy, never visited in any private family; yet his person was very well known, as he was constantly to be met with in all public places, and he was highly esteemed, as his heart and purse were opened to every act of charity. He was a man of undoubted fashion and very

pleasing manners; he was well acquainted with every court in Europe, and he was known to be very rich; but there was a mystery hung over his early life and connexions, which no one troubled themselves about.

General Maurice now came in, and Mr. Thomson's remark, and Mr. Wardine's behaviour, were told to him. Having noticed to the old gentleman that he would introduce him to Miss Chamont with great pleasure, Mr. Bereton jocosely said, that he might now stand a good chance of winning the lady.

"I am sorry to hear you say so," said Mr. Thomson; "I was in hopes the young lady was already won; but this vice of family, *not only* the honourable Mr. Wardine is affected with."

Mr. Bereton perceived his application to lord Atheling, and said no more; but the young gentleman, who had before spoken, clearly proved that it was not a confined knowledge. "This pride of family might oftentimes rather be its shame;

and if vicious conduct, or a dishonourable action, were to stop a pedigree, I think some of our butcher, and brewer, and tinker, and tailor connexions might be the more ancient as well as honourable, though the earls of Browover I have nothing to say against. The three last generations are doubtless very honourable."

"The last earl was little known," said Mr. Thomson, "to this country; but he was an old acquaintance of mine; and this I can say of him, that his early pride prevented his marrying a beautiful and amiable woman, and that he might, at the present hour, have been in possession of the family honours and title, if it had not been for a disgraceful intrigue with an Italian girl belonging to the opera at Petersburgh."

"The family have no knowledge," said Mr. Bereton, "of any such circumstance."

"Perhaps not; all the English at Petersburgh at the time knew it; and if the family

had known it, sir, its pride would of course conceal it: but such is the case, sir, and I need only add, that the jealousy of the imperial despot led to the earl's melancholy fate."

The latter part of this conversation had taken place, to the great surprise of Mr. Bereton and general Maurice, and Mr. Thomson now changed the conversation by some remarks to the general upon other subjects.

We have little more at present to say of the honourable and reverend lover.

Mr. Wardine, having thus betrayed his secret, through the conceit of his heart, went to his own room; and giving vent to his feelings, by stamping backwards and forwards, and talking to himself, heaping indiscriminately every epithet of abuse, with tolerable impartiality, against himself and Miss Chamont, till he was tired, he sat down and wrote directions for his trunks; and returning to the ungrateful theme, poured forth the ebullitions of head and heart from his fingers' end, when

suddenly his servant said—"The mail, sir!" he put some papers hastily in his pocket, but left the following, which being handed about Bath, a copy is here given, for the benefit of all those desperately in love.

> "From heaven the madness came, and it was love!
>
> . . . .
>
> "Durior an scopulis, mea Lucia, marmore, ferro,
> Robore, rupe, antro, cornu, adamante, gelu!"
>
> . . . .
>
> Rock, marble, heart of oak, with iron barr'd,
> Frost, flint, or adamant, is not so hard
> As Lucy's heart;—fire, water, acid, oil,
> These penetrate; that nothing can assoyle*.

"What does old Plautus tell us? Periplectomines said to Pleusides—'*Quando habebo multos cognatos*,' *&c.* So say I—"What! while I have rich and noble relations—while I live well and jovially—while every house and table is ready to receive me—while I have presents and invitations every day—while I preach before princes, and make the nobles of the land tremble—while I am the envy of wits,

* Assoyle, influence.—CHAUCER.

and the admiration of fools—shall I trouble my brain about a scolding wife and bawling brat?"

On another paper was, "*Mem.* To translate in Latin verse, in my way to town, the jolly old bachelor of C. C.'s antiparodia of twelve reasons against marriage.

"1. Hast thou means?—Thou hast one to spend it.

"2. Hast none?—Thy beggary is increased.

"3. Art in prosperity?—Marriage will end it.

"4. Art in adversity?—Remember Job's wife.

"5. Art at home?—She'll scold thee out of doors.

"6. Art abroad?—If thou be wise, keep thee there.

"7. Nothing like solitude; a bachelor can truly enjoy it.

"8. The fetters of matrimony rust, but rarely break.

"9. With a wife come friends, cousins, and children, to devour thee.

"10. If a chaste wife be a trouble, what is an unchaste one?

"11. Paul commends marriage, yet he prefers a single life.

"12. Is marriage honourable?—An immortal crown belongs to virginity.

"*To L. C.*

"If Love be fire, as ancient bards would prove,
Ah me! how cold a fire is your love!"

But the modern poet did not please to recollect that he had not been able to get any experience of the lady's love. "It is as clear a syllogism as ever was made, that marriage is a folly. Thus—

"Is marriage a folly?

"It must be granted that, if you take a wife, she is either ugly or handsome.

"But, if she be ugly, ugliness is loathsomeness; and if she be handsome, beauty is a cause of frailty.

"Therefore marriage must be a folly."

What more Mr. Wardine composed or compiled on the subject does not yet

appear. It will be fair to state that the old bachelor's twelve reasons are but anti-efforts against the following original ones of Jacobus de Voragine.

"1. Hast thou means?—A wife will keep and increase it.

"2. Hast none?—She will help to get it.

"3. Art in prosperity?—Thine happiness is doubled.

"4. Art in adversity?—She'll comfort, assist, and alleviate thy burden.

"5. Art at home?—She'll drive away melancholy.

"6. Art abroad?—She'll prepare joy, welcome, and comfort, for thee.

"7. There is no enjoyment without society—no society so sweet and disinterested as matrimony.

"8. The bonds of conjugal love are perfect.

"9. All the blessings and advantages of [illegible]n are doubled to thee.

"10. Thine issue are lawful and honourable.

"11. Moses deprecates barrenness—how much more wretched is a single life!

"12. Marriage is honourable—'tis God's best gift and command. If thy nature escape not punishment, surely thy will shall not avoid it."

CHAPTER VII.

IF I were studying effect, the novelist will think that I commenced my history too soon; and if a narrative were my object, the graver historian would have had it begun sooner: but as I had no wish to conceal that lord Atheling was my principal hero (though, whether he were at length fortunate and favoured, is another point), I wished at once to bring him before the audience, to contrast fully his character with the other lovers of my heroine, and to contrast also *his* birth, education, and habit, with *hers:* for great and mani-

fold, indeed, are his advantages of person, mind, and station; yet it is presumed that, on the whole, more insuperable are the objections in a sensible mind, on the part of Miss Lucy Chamont, to the alliance with such a nobleman, than they are on that of his lordship.

But the heroine of these pages was not one of those self-satisfied beauties, who fancy every man is in love with them, and are ready to give the refusal before they have got the offer. In lord Atheling she soon distinguished a very sensible and agreeable acquaintance; but she not only did not consider him in the light of a lover, she was convinced that he could not be one. There was, she knew, an impassable gulph between them. It was the same on the part of Mr. Bereton; here their affection was mutual, yet neither had ever talked or thought of matrimony, and he was now about to be married immediately to a lady, to whom Miss Chamont knew that he had been some years engaged, and she looked forward with great pleasure to an acquaintance with that lady. Indeed,

it had been impossible for Lucy Chamont to have been brought up with so sensible a woman as lady Apreuth, and indulge in the idle wanderings of the heart.

I have now to introduce a gentleman who was a particular favourite of the worthy general. Among the country neighbours of sir David was a Mr. Glynne, a young Welshman of very good fortune, which his father, grandfather, and uncle, had accumulated, and which all centered in him. The Glynnes had been farmers, and, as their circumstances increased, they lent their money on mortgages, and purchased land, having no other opinion in the disposition of their property. Living in an humble manner, Mr. Glynne's father never thought of his own consequence, till the steward of a neighbouring nobleman called upon him about an inclosure of a parish, in which Mr. Glynne had the manor-estate and the great tithes. This induced him to have the rest of his property valued, according to *modern* methods; and from a nominal eight hundred a-year he

found he was worth half as many thousands. Upon this he built a good house, divided his property into many farms, put up comfortable farmhouses, barns, and granaries, and became yet more hospitable and liberal. Young Glynne and his sister were sent out to the most respectable schools; and by the advice of sir David Apreuth, the son, at a proper age, was entered, with his own son, a gentleman-commoner of Jesus, at Oxford. In young Glynne's twenty-second year his father and mother both died, and leaving no will, his sister was solely dependent on him. But he generously made over to her ten thousand pounds, "which I'll pay you, Jane, five hundred a-year for, till I've saved up the money, for we must not part with the land, you know." He now added wings to the house, and became a very respectable country gentleman. He had no taste for fine literature, or very fine company, but kept his hounds, acted as a justice of the peace, and sometimes passed with his sister a winter in London. Mr. Glynne was

to have married a first cousin; but her death, at the early age of twenty, left a void in the prudent arrangement of his friends, though as heir-at-law he came into possession of her fortune, fifteen hundred pounds a-year. It was generally allowed that Mr. Glynne wanted nothing but a wife; Miss Chamont he had known from a child; for the last two or three years he had begun to notice her as an agreeable woman. Such a match would have been very desirable to all her friends; but it was a long time before the idea had entered that young lady's thoughts, and was not so desirable on her part. In the first place, she was as well satisfied as any young handsome unmarried lady could be with her present situation and condition; and, in the next, Mr. Glynne, though his station and property were far beyond any she was entitled to, had no temptation to offer that charmed her fancy, or presented any inducement above her present situation; and knowing him for many years as an engaged man, the remarks that have been

lately made were peculiarly applicable to the present case. It may be asked—"Why are women, who are easy in their connexions and circumstances, oftentimes so improperly desirous of being married?" And it may be answered—"Because they have not sense enough to remain old maids. They do not know the real value of their maiden station; and thoughtless, and eager for any novelty, wanting both good principle and good sense, catch at any improper matrimonial adventure, oftentimes merely because it is the best bargain they can make; and often too, merely because it is in the eyes of the world a good bargain, will friends and relations encourage a match." Yet worldly advantage can never be an excuse where religion has a right sway; nor will worldly advantage ever be an excuse where good sense biasses the emotions of the heart.

These remarks apply not against Mr. Glynne any further than the taste of the lady; and once walking with Miss Chamont and some of the Apreuth family, he

himself, in answer to a remark of that young lady, shewed their efficacy.—"What a beautiful equipage! what a splendid establishment! and what an elegant woman!" said Miss Chamont, as an unknown carriage and servants passed; "I wonder what the whole cost!"

"I can tell you," said Mr. Glynne; "a *heart-ache for life.*"

Probably it was the knowledge of his early engagement, and being brought up with him almost as an elder brother, that so decidedly ruled the mind of Miss Chamont in her feelings towards Mr. Glynne; for he was a man by no means to be slighted by any woman. He was of a pleasant person, of an ample fortune and easy disposition; he was neither proud nor vicious, but he had no leading character to rule and command. "What woman," it may be said, "wishes to be ruled and commanded?" It may be answered generally, that the harder the victory, the more glorious it is; and that it is more desirable to govern a free man than

a slave. In this light it must be owned Miss Lucy had ever considered him; and when at length he began to pay these particular attentions that could not be misunderstood, she scarcely knew how to withdraw herself from those sisterly familiarities with which she had been accustomed to treat him. One day, walking alone with Miss Chamont, he began—"Now, among all your admirers, Miss Chamont, if you would but take a word of advice from me, as you have so often and so kindly done about a horse, a dog, and such trifles."

"Surely, Mr. Glynne, you are not a-going to recommend a lover to me."

"Indeed, I wish to do so; for I think I could name one, who, however undeserving of you in point of merit, as every one else must be, is not deficient in the highest respect and love, and willing to give any proof yourself or your friends can ask."

"Whom or what can you mean?"

"Must I speak plainer, and say myself?"

Miss Chamont was instantly withdrawing her arm from his, but recovering her mind, she said—“ Mr. Glynne, you know how highly I esteem you; but this is a trifling kind of conversation, which I hope I shall never again hear from you.”

He now professed his earnestness and seriousness upon the subject.

Miss Chamont tried to treat it lightly; talked of the brotherly feeling with which she ever considered him—of her own disqualifications—and, finding these arguments easily answered, she seriously pointed out to him their different turn of mind, habits, and pursuits. But when she found that he was willing to give up every point to her, she was constrained to use a more decisively negative language, till at length he promised to say no more upon the subject.

A little shyness took place for a time, but so judicious and consistent was the conduct of Miss Chamont, that the usual easy habits of acquaintance returned, with-

out the least increase of hopes to Mr. Glynne; and he appeared resigned to the inevitability of his fate in this affair. He was now come to Bath with his sister, and had often seen lord Atheling, without a grain of jealousy or suspicion. Mr. Glynne was indefatigable in taking exercise, and horses and dogs made a part of his establishment wherever he went. In the fair frosty mornings, Miss Chamont often walked through the environs of Bath with him and his sister.

As the Apreuth family surmised that Mr. Glynne had made Miss Chamont an offer, they were glad indirectly to promote every encouragement to intimacy, in hopes it would yet be a match; and so much was Miss Chamont now noticed by all men of fashion, that lady Apreuth began to be very anxious to see her engaged to some worthy man; for, however highly she considered her dear Lucy's sense and prudence, full well did she know that many an amiable young woman is seduced into an improper match, by what the

lover appears to be, not by what he is; and also, that, *when* the wisdom and knowledge of friends begin to rectify the erroneous opinion which the fair one has formed of her beloved, it is generally too late.

One morning, the Glynnes and Miss Chamont were walking on the Bristol road, when a showy open carriage, little adapted for the season, approached.

"Observe the gentleman in that carriage," said Mr. Glynne; "you like character, Miss Lucy."

Their curiosity was immediately directed to the inmates, in which a gentleman, with the foppery of fur on his dress without the use, was recognized by Glynne, and bowed to him in a most courtly, ingratiating style. Mr. Glynne returned the bow unusually low, and evidently, to a keen observer, ceremoniously distant, and passed on with a quicker step. The gentleman's salutation had even checked the reins of the horses; but the carriage now proceeded.

"Who is that very courtly acquaintance?" asked Miss Chamont of Miss Glynne.

"My brother only can tell you," said the other.

Mr. Glynne stopped till the ladies came up.

"Of whom, having raised my curiosity, are you so shy?" said Miss Chamont.

"You must have heard of him, though you are not acquainted with his person," replied Mr. Glynne; "for this is the very gentleman who was *churched*——"

"Was *what?*"

"Was churched, as all good ladies are when they return thanks for a safe lying-in."

"I can't possibly comprehend you," said Miss Chamont.

"If you have never heard the story before, I should wonder if you did; but Jane can give it you, better told, than I can relate it. I vouch for the truth of the story; and as the gentleman is an unique, though there be many pebbles of the same compo-

sition, I wished you to notice his person. I'll now give you a short sketch of his character, and of my acquaintance with him. He was a man of good estate, and had he taken half the honest pains to improve his own property as he has taken to scheme, and speculate, and bow, and cringe, and hunt after a great man's smiles, he might ever have lived like a gentleman, been in possession of a generous independence, and not travel on a frosty morning in an open *sociable*; but he has lived the life of a dependent all his days, mortgaged his property to buy a seat in the house, voted without any principle, has been the slave of appearances, and, after twenty years hard and dirty work, has sold his estate, married a wretched creature, as poor in principle, and person, and purse as himself, for the sake of a noble connexion; and a place of fifteen hundred pounds a-year is all that he has got at last to keep up appearances with."

"Such kind of characters," said Miss

Chamont, " I think, are a mixture of vice and cowardice. And what," continued the young lady, turning to Miss Glynne, " is the communication I have to expect from you?"

" A copy of verses, written by a college friend of my brother's, which he desired me to extract from the Sporting Magazine."

" And how came this respectable gentleman," said Miss Chamont to Mr. Glynne, " to be your acquaintance?"

" He stood for the borough of Doubton, for which I have a vote, and from which he comes now; and though I voted against him, and opposed him with might and main, and have even compelled him to buy a seat elsewhere, he still bows and cringes to me, and would take my hand every time I met him, if I was not resolved to the contrary."

In their way home they passed by the Glynnes' lodgings, to get the promised verses, which, for the benefit of the church of England *zealots without practice*, and,

alas! we have too many of them *out* of the house, I take the liberty to insert here.

THE PIOUS MISTAKE.

One of our place-mongers, some time ago,
Who, after many years of aye and no,
To serve a premier and betray the nation,
At length screwed out a *situation*,
Devoutly *for the first time* went
To take the *Holy Sacrament.*

He knew all forms from levee to back-stairs,
And every etiquette, *except his prayers;*
At length sedately station'd in a pew,
Upon the folk around his eye he threw,
Watch'd when they sat, or stood, or lean'd, or bow'd,
And bow'd, lean'd, stood, or sat, but with the crowd.

The service over, he proceeded slowly
To the communion-table, pure and holy,
With something like a twitch he never felt,
And by a woman down demurely knelt,
To the great marvel of the curate spare,
Who greatly wonder'd what could bring him there.

At length the matron rose with reverence bland,
Approach'd, and dropt her offering in his hand;
Sir Peter also stretch'd his crippled knee—
"Where's my certificate, sir? What's the fee?"

The curate's lathy sides began to shake,
To find sir Peter so completely lurch'd—
"She came not, sir, the Sacrament to take;
'Tis Sunday next—to-day you have been CHURCH'D."

CHAPTER VIII.

If disappointment is a food to love, lord Atheling met with some of this certainly spare diet; for while he was in Devonshire, expecting to see the dowager lady Apreuth with her interesting *protégée*, a letter arrived at her son's, which, among other communications, said—"By the earnest wish of sir David, your mother has been prevailed upon to take a trip to Paris; the Glynnes are coming to town, and your brother intends to invite them to be of the party. I have written to your sister also by this post, to express the wish of our hearts, if you can possibly meet us there."

Sir David called on the Glynnes the

same day they came to town—" My mother and Miss Chamont, of course, are going with us to France; will it be agreeable to you, Miss Glynne, and your brother, to join us?"

" Very much indeed, sir David," said Mr. Glynne.

" I'll answer for the satisfaction it will give us all, not excepting Lucy," (Mr. Glynne coloured), " to hear you'll accompany us. You never attempt to speak French, Glynne; therefore you'll have most time for reflection and remark, and will return the wisest of the company; but you'll not be at a loss for immediate information, with your sister by your side, upon whose taciturnity we shall all lay a tax."

Of Miss Glynne I have as yet said nothing. She was one of those characters that gradually unfolded themselves—no one ever could mistake her. Plain in her person, manners, and appearance, she bore the outward stamp of sense; she had also made the best use of an excellent education, and had worth sufficient to have in-

troduced her brother into any company, if he had wanted a merit of his own; she was the regulator of all his affairs within doors, kept all his accounts, wrote half his letters; and he never did any thing of consequence, as a justice, without consulting her. When she was not present, he was always the first to give her the credit of any wise action of his head, or good one of his heart; but, before her, he never ventured to allude to her qualifications, on account of her remarkable diffidence and modesty. In short, few people ever spoke less in words, or more to the purpose, than Miss Glynne; and she actually taught herself two languages, Italian and Spanish, before her friend Miss Chamont knew that she was studying them. This young lady had had at one time some strong religious reflections, which, it was supposed, would influence her to become a Quaker; but after a private interview with Mr. Arthur Apreuth, which lasted many hours, she told her brother that her mind was in the way to be settled.

He very innocently replied—"Do, dear Jane, turn Quaker, if you like it. If you are happy, I shall not think a bit the worse of you for it."

She smiled—"My dear brother, I have no wish to know any religious term but that of Christian. I highly respect the Quakers; but propriety of dress does not consist in peculiarity, nor propriety of language in phraseology; and as to tithes, I create a grievance, if I purchase a property subject to them (and therefore bought the cheaper), and decline to pay them; besides, brother, conformity is a duty, where the conscience is not actively constrained."

"Well, dear Jane, do as you like; but I should be monstrous sorry to have you leave me, unless it was for an excellent good husband. Conscience is the thing—as St. Paul says, 'Do nothing against conscience;' but didn't you tell me he said also, 'though you must not act against conscience, you are not to fancy yourself

at all times right, because you always act with it?"

With no untoward accident the party arrived at Paris: it was during the interregnum of peace that occurred in the war. Every day, and every part of the day, was occupied in seeing all the objects most worthy of notice, and which have been again and again so fully and ably described; while the spoil of Europe adorned the capital of France, and conquest, creating its own greatness, was seated on the throne of democracy.

Mr. Glynne was soon able to be his own interpreter. He had been prevailed upon *not to bring* a horse or a dog with him, but it was impossible for him *not to purchase*. He had soon bought a horse, because it had some points unlike any he had ever seen before, and he had in a week or two six dogs. His last canine purchase appeared very dirty, and he gave orders to his groom (for an English groom he could not dispense with) to wash him in warm water and comb him.

The family were at breakfast—the groom entered—" Lack a-mercy, sir, the new dog!"

" What's the matter?"

" I doubt, sir, whether 'tis a dog or not. I wish we were fairly at home again."

" But the dog?"

" His fine colour, sir, is all come off in the water, and his beautiful long hair, the moment I put the comb, came away like—Here he is," cried out the man, flying round the room, and the dog, as if grateful for his attention, following. " Shall I knock him on the head, sir? Perhaps he may be mad."

The poor animal, dragging his incumbrances after him, trotted round the room, streaking the floor with his colours, and every five or six steps shaking the hair, like flakes of snow, from his sides; and at length the dog brought the man to a stand-still.

The company laughed, and Miss Glynne spoke—" Brother, you wished me to accept some curiosity as a present yester-

day.—I accept this dog. Morgan, take care of him for me."

"That I will, Miss; if he was the ugliest in the world, and had not a hair on his back, or an eye in his head, he should be as well taken care of as the best pointer my master has."

"Finish your work, Morgan, and let us see him by-and-by, when he is clean and dry, and as God made him, and the Frenchmen have left him."

The man took the dog out.

"I did not think it possible," continued Mr. Glynne, "that these Frenchmen could have tricked me in a dog or a horse."

"Take care of the horse," said sir David.

"I am not afraid there," said the Welsh squire, "for I had a trial, and he took a leap with me, that was pointed out to me as a great feat of the first consul's on a favourite Arabian."

The dog appeared in the evening in high spirits, from the care of Morgan and the loss of his adornments; and all the company agreed that the metamorphosis

had shewn the ingenuity, more than the taste or wit, of the Frenchman who had sold him.

"Here, sir David," said Mr. Glynne, "I gave a ten livre-piece for this little fellow, and all his paint and habiliments; why, sir, I'll give an English guinea—yes, I'll give *two* for his fellow as he now appears. He is of a species of pointer, of a very small kind, I am certain."

"So I said, your honour," remarked Morgan, "to the servants."

"Poor fellow!" said Miss Glynne, patting him. "How many of my sex disfigure their natural beauty and grace, by the self-caprice and conceit with which a master has disguised thee!"

"And," said Miss Chamont, looking at Mr. Glynne, "how many of your sex are caught by the outward adornments of folly, and despise the natural worth!"

"That is not my case, any more than the other is yours," replied Mr. Glynne, bowing significantly to Miss Chamont, at the same time checking any further appli-

cation, by carelessly remarking—"After all, I don't know the sex of my new purchase."

Miss Glynne gave at the same moment a nod to Morgan, which he perfectly understood, and calling the dog away with him, changed the conversation.

Be it noticed here, that the remarks of the master and man concerning the nature and value of the animal were correct; that Mr. Glynne with difficulty got another of the same kind afterwards in London for ten guineas; and that the breed is now in very high fame and value, far beyond the Principality.

It is wonderful at this time to contemplate the glory, the power, and the splendour of Buonaparte. There was a period afterwards when he made more show; but it is doubtful if he was ever so intrinsically great. At home there was not a party, abroad there was not a power, that even seemed to wish to appear in enmity against him. England was making the experiment of trying his friendship—the royal-

ists were employing every means of a re-establishment under the new dynasty at home; and to all the glories of his reign, he had just added the greatest glory of any reign, peace. While every court of familiarized civilization had a representative to stand before the face of the mighty Corsican, every English family almost had sent its envoy to explore the greatness, to which they were at length enabled to have access; and where other motives failed, curiosity led thousands, as in the case of the Apreuths, and all of any rank were introduced to the first consul.

One day some young men of fashion called on sir David, and the honourable Mr. Lascole said—" Sir David, you are a soldier?"

" Yes, colonel of a volunteer corps."

" And I am his lieutenant colonel," added Mr. Glynne. " Why do you ask?"

" You are both going to the grand ball at court?"

" Yes; but our ladies go with us."

"Have you your military dresses with you?"

"No."

"Then we hope you will get them. Buonaparte has heard of our national corps, and twelve of us dining together yesterday, made the discovery that we were all entered into some volunteer company, and we resolved to send for our respective dresses, and appear at his court in them. This morning it was determined to call on our several acquaintance, and excite them to the same; it will be a compliment to the first consul, who is called the greatest soldier in the world, and it will shew him our national feeling, in case this peace had not taken place, and he had made a successful attempt to invade us."

"'Tis an excellent thought; we'll get our uniforms directly," said the baronet; "and I give great credit to the person from whom the idea originated."

"You must thank a lady of your own party," said another gentleman; "your

sister, Mr. Glynne, I believe, proposed it." He bowed to Miss Chamont, not knowing her, and Miss Glynne having left the room.

" No," said Miss Chamont, " the honour is not mine. I indeed made the remark to lord Earwing, that I should like to see every Englishman at court on the next levee-day in the dress of his country; but Miss Glynne had before expressed to me, that trifling as our countrymen appeared, and eager as we all had been to behold the mighty warrior, and dreaded enemy of England, that she doubted if there was a man of any rank and consequence, who, when the invasion was threatened, had not enrolled his name among the volunteer defenders of his country; and she thought that a complimentary specimen might be adduced to Buonaparte, of that spirit of which he had heard."

" We are obliged to you both," said Mr. Lascole; " and as lady patronesses, we hope you will wear our colours."

" We do, indeed," said lady Apreuth,

"intend that our dresses shall have a reference to our Welsh extraction."

The intention of these young men of rank soon became known among the English in the French metropolis; and many a Briton, who had never entered further into the volunteer system than enrolling his name, now, in good earnest, ordered his dress and accoutrements. Letters were instantly sent over to their friends in England for regimentals, and French tailors had the honour to make up many an English soldier's first uniform, and that too after the peace.

When the grand day arrived, and Buonaparte looked around his courtly circle, he felt instant surprise at the multiplicity of strange military dresses. All the English, before introduced as men of rank, fashion, or science, were at once converted into soldiers.—"Your lordship is a soldier, I see."

"A volunteer, general, at the voice of my country."

" I understood, sir," said he to another, " that you were a lawyer?"

" Yes, general, but a member of a volunteer corps, in the garb of which I have the honour to-day to appear before you."

" What is the meaning of this military novelty?" said he, to a person whom he had known some time.

" A complimentary whim of my countrymen, who, as they now conceive the day is closed in peace and harmony, in which they expected to meet you on their own shores, are desirous of showing *that*, as an honorary dress at your court and capital, which originally was intended as the ensignia of an hostile defence."

The first consul professed himself pleased, and addressed the different volunteers —" What is your corps, brother soldier?"

" The London Light Horse."—" The Middlesex Militia."—" The Tower Hamlets."—" The Liverpool Fencibles."—" The Riflemen."—" The Wiltshire Yeomanry." —" The Devizes Volunteers," &c.

CHAPTER IX.



Mr. Glynne was indefatigable in carrying the ladies from one public place to another; and when *they* were at rest, he still continued to keep *himself* in motion. He acquired indeed a great deal of knowledge, and he was not backward in communicating the same.

Among the many emigrants who, in great distress, had found their way to Britain, he some years before had met with a French officer and his only child, a little daughter, in Wales. This gentleman had given every farthing that he possessed, to escape from the jacobin murderers, and had, by chance, got landed on the Welsh coast, and was selling his few valuables to raise sufficient to carry himself and daughter to town, when Mr. Glynne, by accident, heard of him, immediately redeemed

'is only watch, and insisted on presenting him with the means of getting to London. By accident, Mr. Glynne fell into his company; a child of twelve years had remembered him, and her father, a general of high reputation, immediately introduced himself, and his lovely daughter, now in her eighteenth year. The gratitude of the general was equal to his courage; the family was introduced to the Apreuths, and proved a very agreeable addition to their public and social parties. Sir David also discovered, in an American gentleman, an old schoolfellow; and Mr. Azariah Pakinger proved a valuable acquaintance, and a character that had never before come to the knowledge of any of the company.

The word *party*, without which an Englishman can scarcely ever be known, was not associated with the principles belonging to Mr. Pakinger. Educated at Eton, he was the scholar and the gentleman; but there was no confinement to his liberal ideas. His freedom had not been

established from any peculiar laws or customs; his religion was unbiassed by the decrees of fathers or popes, or the opinions of Calvin or Luther; yet he did not, with a narrow mind, think from himself alone—the fundamental principles of liberty guided him; the foundations of the Holy Faith of Christ were to him immutable. That character, which the theory of Miss Glynne had conceived, she here saw realized; but her natural taciturnity being now rivetted by her feelings, and her outward appearance being more congenial to the mind than the curiosity of this citizen of the world, they had been some days in each other's company before he discovered the interior jewel.

The wild Indians will trace a path where, to a civilized man, there is no appearance of egress or regress; they will for days and weeks explore, with safety and assurance, their way, where the endless shade of trees obscures the light of heaven; so it is with those who prosecute the knowledge of the human heart; they

see what the children of the world, of fashion, and of art, can never see—they discover where the others would never find that there was a discovery to be made.

Mr. Pakinger had dined with sir David, and when the gentlemen were alone, he remarked—" What a beautiful woman is your foster-sister, sir David! and she appears as good as she is beautiful; yet I would as soon risk an entanglement of the heart with the sister of the first consul, as with her."

" You do not mean that she is a jilt?" said sir David.

" Most assuredly I do not, nor a coquette, nor a prude, nor a hypocrite; neither do I mean that she wants either mental or animal feelings: but had you not told me her history, I should have fancied that she was either a Roman Catholic, and was dedicated to her Virgin patroness—that she was betrothed, or already married; for in half-an-hour's conversation this morning, I discovered her surrounded by some charm, that I felt as magical——"

The young American paused to finish his sentence, which Mr. Glynne concluded for him—" As I myself have experienced it, sir."

The American smiled. Sir David thought at the time that he had made some overtures of love to the young lady; but upon further inquiry afterwards, it proved not to be the case; his remarks were only the effusions of a considerate and investigating mind, and his giving vent to them in the present company, only proved how well he appreciated the merits and judgment of those to whom he addressed himself.

About a week afterwards the Apreuth party, with general and Caroline De Morsone and Mr. Pakinger, went to see some public gardens a few miles from Paris. Mr. Pakinger was walking with Miss Chamont, when, for a moment, he saw Miss Glynne alone, looking for some favourite plant; and addressing his companion, he exclaimed—" I know you are my friend, Miss Chamont, and I'll give you an opportunity of proving it. I fly

to speak to Miss Glynne; will you use your ingenuity in preventing any of the party from interrupting us?"

Miss Chamont was surprised, but she clearly understood him. In an instant he was at Miss Glynne's side, and Miss Chamont fulfilled her office of friendship entirely to his satisfaction.

In the evening, Miss Glynne informed her that Mr. Pakinger had made her an offer. This was quite unforeseen on the part of Miss Glynne, who directly told him so, and that she wished not to give him any immediate answer.

"That is all I at present ask," he replied; "I wish you to know me; permit me to write to you, to pay you a visit in Wales next summer. I then purpose revisiting America. Still permit me to correspond with you. I return to England in the following spring, when I will then, if you approve of the arrangement, press for your final decision."

As a declared candidate for the hand of

Miss Glynne, Mr. Pakinger was a frequent visitor while the party remained at Paris. The idea of parting with his sister was not at all pleasant to Mr. Glynne, but as Mr. Pakinger was a citizen of the world, he was in hopes, if that gentleman succeeded, that he would make his home in Wales. The unassuming, unaffected, and self-formed character of Pakinger, was very agreeable to Mr. Glynne: their habits out of the house were very congenial, the young American being an excellent horseman; in the house, the latter was very studious; the former more mechanically disposed.

Through the pleasure and influence of the agreeable society which the Apreuths met with at Paris, their stay in that metropolis was lengthened, and their time was fully employed. One morning, walking on the Boulevards, Mr. Glynne left the interesting Caroline De Morsone with her father, and, running up to lady Apreuth and Miss Chamont, who had

each an arm of sir David, exclaimed—"Do you see, ladies, that short fat fellow with a large volume under his arm?"

"Yes; who is he?" said the dowager lady Apreuth.

"He is a learned *savan*, who accompanied Buonaparte to Egypt; but upon some expedition he was taken prisoner by the Arabs. These descendants of Ishmael, examining their prisoners, asked every man what work he was accustomed to. That round wise man, happy to avoid active slavery, said, that he was a very studious man, and had been accustomed to a sedentary life; and, as he had made some progress in the language, he was the better able to make them understand his utter abhorrence of, and incapability for, violent motion: upon which he was given into the custody of an old woman; and he thought himself very lucky, when she gave him a mess of rice and onions, and ordered him to put on a very large pair of sedatives, covered with feathers."

"Of what?" said the younger lady Apreuth, who, with Miss Glynne and Mr. Pakinger, were come up, and with the rest were very attentive to Mr. Glynne's story.

"Vulgarly, my lady, drawers, or breeches; I really do not know what the Arabs call them."

"Well, I beg your pardon for interrupting you; but your term is certainly a new one."

"I think it," said Mr. Pakinger, "a modest and a good one, and I hope it will come into fashion."

"This is admirable!" said Miss Glynne, "here is my brother commenced an inventor of words, and Mr. Pakinger an establisher of fashions."

"Pray, Mr. Glynne, proceed with your story," said the dowager lady Apreuth.

"Dressed in his downy *sedatives*, the venerable matron set him down on an orbicular-seated chair—pray, ladies, don't interrupt me—and he soon discovered that he was not to move without her permission. She had a wand in her hand, with

which she gave him a sharp rap, if he offered to rise or did not sit steadily; and she once gave him the bastinado with some severity, for walking about the room while she was absent. Every sixth hour she moved him, gave him his food, examined the place where he sat, and adjusted his cushion. There were arms to the chair, and he was tied down at night, though she slept in the same room. He is certainly a wise man, a clever man, a man of superior mental powers; yet it was not till the third day that he discovered that he was employed to hatch chickens. At the evacuation of Egypt by the French, he was released by the English. He is now writing a dissertation, to prove the superior effects of the animal heat of the human body, for he is said to have made some very valuable discoveries during the season of incubation. He raised three complete families, and felt such attachment to some of the young brood whom he had been the means of bringing into life, that he has contrived to bring back with him a son and

a couple of daughters to this metropolis of the world. The preface to his dissertation is said to be most excellently ingenious, which he composed at his leisure, when he first began to comprehend his new avocation. Whether he has taken such a liking to it as to assist in the subcreation of the proceeding generations of his family, since he returned to Paris, I cannot say; but I have been credibly informed, that he has had a very serious quarrel with another learned *savan*, who did not attend the expedition, and who particularly wished, from the very favourable specimens that he exhibited, to have a *palatable* trial of *his* Egyptian poultry."

Anecdotes of this kind were always very acceptable to Mr. Glynne, and he spared no pains or expence to arrive at them. One day, when he was with the gentlemen only of the party, and they were passing by an obscure place, near to which they had been to see a horse, he remarked a man hastening along.—"I do believe—yes, I am certain, that is the very

fellow who cheated me out of the brown horse in town. I should like to arrest him, if it were but to know what is become of the mare that he had."

"I'll do that for you in a moment," said general De Morsone. "Stop, you man, and answer what this gentleman has to allege against you, or I'll instantly order a centinel to take you to a prison."

The fellow stopped.

Mr. Glynne spoke.—"You pretended to exchange a mare with me in London, for a brown horse and thirty guineas. You rode my horse, by way of trial, after I had ridden your mare, and contrived to escape with both. Why did you not get the money first? and what is become of that mare, for she was a famous one?"

"I was afraid to take the money, lest you should get possession of the mare, sir: she is now in the first consul's stables. She was worth ten times what I offered her for, sir; and I sold her at last for three hundred guineas."

"With that mare you might have made a fortune, without turning swindler."

"Perhaps I might, sir, if I could have kept the money after I had got it; but I lost it all gaming, and I can't pay you for the horse, sir, for I have not a farthing in the world; and I hope, sir, you wont put me in prison, for I have got a birth to America, and set off to-morrow; and then a new country, a new life, and a new man."

"Not if you remain a gamester," said Mr. Pakinger, "for then nothing can save you."

"Sir, I've forsworn it on my bended knees," said the man, "and I'll give any man leave to blow my brains out, or hang me up, if I ever throw a die or play a card again, as long as I live."

"If what you say is true, you are safe from me," replied Mr. Glynne; "but I want to ask you a few more questions, upon which I think you can give me an answer. Cannot we take him, general——"

"Sir," said the man, "I want to go now about the vessel, to arrange in what manner I am to be taken to it; nor do I rightly know where it is: but the person who promised that I should go, knew me when I was a respectable yeoman, and lived upon my own estate, and——"

"But tell me first where you got that mare?"

"Sir, I bred her myself, when I lived in Yorkshire."

"You say you have not a fa·thing; now, if you'll meet me at No. 9, Rue de Santerre, at eight o'clock, and answer such questions as I shall put to you, I'll promise to give you five guineas to help you on your voyage."

"Sir, I wont fail to come, and thank you from my heart and soul."

The man met Mr. Glynne and the general according to the appointment, but he could give him no information upon some subjects, chiefly about horses, that Mr. Glynne inquired. The man's history

was short; his real name was Andrew Stockfort; he had inherited a liberal independence, had for some years been a successful farmer, and even gained considerable sums of money in racing-matches; this induced him to attempt gambling on a higher scale, where he had universally failed. He was compelled to dispose of his stock, and to sell his estate, till, with all his property, character itself was lost. He now associated with adepts in all kinds of chicanery, who had different rooms, and houses, and names, all over London and the country. They took houses for a long lease, and never could be found in them; these houses were made mere receiving houses; they advertised to lend money to young men, and whoever accepted the same was required to advance a premium of five per cent. to pay the expences: after receiving the premium, they were not to be found. They wrote to different tradesmen for goods, and sent bank-notes divided in half, with a promise to forward the other half as soon as the goods

arrived, but immediately absconded upon receiving the goods.

"They put single advertisements in the papers for a husband or a wife, and, when incautious males or females answered the same, they endeavoured to extort money from them, by threatening to expose their names. Many other advertising tricks he mentioned: but such a life of constant change and ceaseless fear could not last long; driven from house to house, detected by every name, he escaped with his favourite mare to France; there the old vice preyed upon him, and completed his ruin. Mr. Glynne gave him the five guineas, and Mr. Pakinger sent him a paper of instructions and advice how he was to proceed when he got to America.

Some years afterwards, Mr. Pakinger received a favourable account of this man, who had worked his way into the back-settlements, and was realizing a considerable property there.

As the time drew near when the Ap-

reuth party proposed returning to England, it was a subject of great satisfaction to the whole of the company, to find that Caroline De Morsone had made a very powerful impression on the heart of Mr. Glynne. Under his tutorage she was become an excellent horsewoman; and with very great pleasure it was discovered, that during their sojournment in England, both the father and daughter had taken a decided preference for the English Catholic faith. Gratitude had already ripened in the young Frenchwoman's heart, and Mr. Glynne's offers were received by the general and his beloved daughter with all favourable auspices.

The general had lost his wife in childbirth of this only daughter; he possessed a moderate fortune, but having no prospect of any employment from Buonaparte, on account of a personal dislike on the part of Talleyrand, he agreed to settle his affairs, and accompany the party to England.

One remark of sir David's gives the

character of the general, that he constantly reminded him of his own uncle, general Maurice, though general De Morsone was twenty years younger.

Mademoiselle Caroline had received the most valuable part of her education in England, and the gentility of her manners, and the modesty of her deportment, were such as are so frequently met with among the higher ranks of French society.

It is not the object of this work to give historical traits of men and manners; seek we for them in the professed tourists. The promenades and public exhibitions, the theatres and the coffee-houses, the police-arrangement, and general civility towards strangers—the conveniences and accommodations—not to say, as it would be contrary to English ideas, the COMFORTS of Paris, were acknowledged by the whole party to be superior to any thing that they had ever before met with: English happiness is to be looked for at your own *home*—the French is to be found *abroad.*

I shall now land the heroine of these pages on her native shore, without adding one Frenchman to her train of lovers: admirers of the gallant nation she had indeed received enough to satisfy the vanity of the vainest; but never were individuals of that kind—a kind so desirable to all females—more readily dismissed.

Mr. Glynne made a remark one day to this purpose upon a subject that had lately occurred, in his half-considerate manner. —"I don't believe, Miss Chamont, that any man ever ventured to make love to you twice."

She answered him readily, and, without any displeasure, to the purpose— "I do not know that any gentleman ever did, Mr. Glynne."

As the Apreuth party were about to take their passage to England, they met some old acquaintance just arrived, though only a slight recognition evinced the acquaintance; but, where a little misunderstanding or difference of opinion has taken place, the intercourse of servants affords

that information which the refined feelings of masters and mistresses cannot so easily obtain. And I must here remark, that there is more of this second-hand low gossipping among persons of rank, and pride, and distance, than the liberal, and unassuming, and unaffected. They will hear incorrectly in private, from their valets and waiting-maids, what they would be ashamed to hear correctly from a purer source; and thus it is that in the common occurrences of life, the noble often betray the greatest ignorance and deficiency of information. Here the remark indeed is more general than particular, for a misunderstanding could not easily occur; but through the medium of servants the news was obtained. Thus, before they sailed, they understood that the grave little lady on the arm of the honourable and reverend Sidney Wardine was his bride, the third daughter of the old duke of Wasteland, lady Gertrude Paupery; that they were going to Paris to spend the honeymoon; and that it was

a general secret throughout the household, that a western deanery was kept in reserve for the fortunate bridegroom, as soon as he returned to the British shore.

CHAPTER X.

A NATURAL question arises in the mind, how came the heroine of this history to be named Lucy Chamont? We must go back to the period when the good admiral brought the little maid to his sister in Wales. A family consultation at that time took place among her ladyship's children upon this important point. Neither of the three daughters were as yet come to years of maturity, and sir David and his brother were at the time Etonians; and the whole were now assembled together in the great oak library. The present Mrs. Marsham, though the youngest daughter, was the chief talker, and sir David only,

by the earnest request of his sisters, was present at the debate. They had just determined that her Christian name should be Monimia, from Otway's Orphan, when sir David spoke for the first time, that the child had brought with her a certificate that she had been christened at the Philanthropic, and, therefore, they could not alter her present name of Lucy, which was given her, because, on St. Lucy's day, virgin and martyr, the 13th of December 17—, she had been brought from Newgate to the Philanthropic.

"Misfortune on misfortunes!" exclaimed Miss Susanna Apreuth; "poor dear child! how shocking and horrible to have her fate allied to a virgin and a martyr!"

"La! sister," said master Arthur, who was intended for the church, "every body knows that it is a great honour to die a virgin."

The three Miss Apreuths shuddered, and possitively denied it.

"Is it not, brother," said Arthur, appealing to sir David, "a great Christian

honour, and is it not a much greater to die a martyr too?"

Amelia, Anna-Maria, and Susanna, with one voice exclaimed—"Dreadful! this is learning Latin and Greek! this is fine doctrine for the pulpit."

"For my part," said Miss Susan, "I'll ask that old woman, that they say is a witch, about poor little Lucy's (if it must be LUCY's) fate."

"I beg, Susan," said sir David, very gravely, "that you'll do no such thing. You know what my mother said, when you talked one day of having your own fortune told by her."

"Well, I had forgot, sir David; I wont do it. Come then, let us give her a sirname; I hope nobody has any objection to that—a sirname that shall counteract the dreadful omens of virgin and martyr."

A very warm and long debate ensued, till the brothers left the sisters themselves to settle the important point, the result of which was, that as the child could not be called Monimia, and Monimia's brother

was named Chamont, so Chamont was an orphan family name; and the little girl from the Philanthropic was thus named LUCY CHAMONT.

Arthur, when he heard the final determination, which was already put into practice, by writing her name in books, by marking her linen, and giving tidings of the same to all the household, could not help remarking, that his sisters had given her a much more evil-ominous appellation, and he thought that it was very lucky that she had been christened LUCY by wiser heads, as an antidote to the CHAMONT.

The two elder sisters tossed up their heads, and said that Chamont was a very proper and very genteel name; but Miss Susan, full of the fate of Monimia, was for erasing the name from the books, and picking it out of the linen. Probably this busy young lady would have set about changing the sirname immediately, if lady Apreuth had not interfered, and by some reasoning and decisive orders, enjoined

that things should remain as they were. "You are very inconsistent, Susan; first, you were for christening the child Monimia, and felt much hurt that you could not give her that name; and, now you have chosen a sirname from the same circumstances, you wish to change it, on account of the very fortune that befel Monimia. As Monimia, you would have recalled to memory all the misfortunes of Monimia; but as Chamont, you only allude to an orphan sister, whose fate, we trust, will be better than that of the other."

Thus finally decided was our heroine's name, which, in spite of all omens, seemed to be generally approved of. There is certainly a charm in names; but the charm has its effect while the person is not known; when we become well acquainted with the individual, the charm is destroyed. The person, too, often ennobles the name, as Bacon the philosopher—Sutton the archbishop—Pitt—Fox. Now, if we read of the learned Mr. Hogsflesh, the reverend Mr. Chimneysmoke, we feel a bur-

lesquing disgust; but if Miss was the designation before the name, we never could reconcile it to an idea of beauty; yet, in *private* life, there is an amiable and eminent beauty of the synonomy to Bacon. It would be wise, perhaps, to give the history of saint Lucy, a wonderful beauty of Syracuse, and to recall the virtues and misfortunes of Chamont's sister, by a few quotations from Otway. Rather let our heroine weave her own fame and worth.

It is certainly a very forcible indication of a person's worth, if we see them in an eminent station, and hear it said—"This individual was of very low birth, and had no worldly advantages." How often do we hear the assertion of officers in the army, and yet more often in the navy—"They rose entirely by their merit." But if any one is ashamed of his humble origin, if he endeavours to warp it by some spurious greatness, it strikes the mind that he himself is conscious that his exaltation was rather chance than merit, and his worth is lessened in our eyes. Many

will say that Napoleon loosened the roots of his own fortune when he took up the spade of legitimacy.

The wise manner in which Miss Chamont had been educated *to know herself*, was her greatest protection against sneers and jealousies. Every servant was her superior in birth: had she attempted to fix her present situation on a false foundation, she had been liable to affronts, and mortifications too. Occasionally an ambitious mind would aim at an equality, but when the real competition was clearly understood, the rivalry was at an end Lady Apreuth had taken a new maid to wait upon her own person, and on Miss Chamont when she chose to require her. This personage, upon hearing who Miss Chamont was, felt immediately her own equality, and no inclination to bestow her services very graciously upon that young lady. One evening, Miss Chamont, on account of a trifling indisposition, being left alone, she went into lady Apreuth's dressing-room, where the new attendant

was at work, and entered at once into conversation with her. She told her into what an excellent family she was admitted —its morality, its religion, its care of its domestics, particularly providing for every faithful and old servant; and gave many instances of reputable tradesmen and others, who had been originally servants in the Apreuth family—"But perhaps," she continued. "I am the strongest instance, as my origin was the lowest, and my rise has been the highest; but then I have had superior advantages, having been taken into the family at a very early age, and being a greater object of pity, on account of my greater state of distress. It also pleased God that it should be my personal good fortune, at the early age of twelve, to administer assistance to sir David, when the whole family were depressed, and unable, from peculiar circumstances of illness, to know of his critical situation: and thus this noble and grateful family have ever since treated me as their equal, from the warm affections of a mere child."

In this manner she gave the self-sufficient lady's maid a sketch of her own history, and left her with the best exemplary lesson she had ever received upon her duty and her hopes in the following words :—" As I understand you were better born, if not better educated, than most young persons in your situation, I have given you this full view of your situation, that you may properly, I mean advantageously, conduct yourself."

Happily the young woman had sense enough to feel the value of Miss Chamont's candour and consideration ; and, attached as the domestics always became to our orphan, there was not one more so, in a very little time, than this Elizabeth Seymour.

Sir David Apreuth was now in town, and, besides his parliamentary duties, had considerable business upon law concerns, agricultural meetings, canals, roads, enclosures, and many plans of useful and beneficial concern, in which he was a mem-

ber, a committee-man, director, or president.

The baronet was very correct and regular in all his appointments; yet, in one respect, he might be said to be too just to his word; which remark will explain itself in what follows, as the ladies of the family had agreed together one evening, in the early part of which he was engaged to stay with them at home, to endeavour to reason him from this unnecessary firmness.

His mother began the attack:—"Be upon your guard, my son; we wish to take no unfair advantage of you, but we are combined together in an attack against you, to combat what we consider a work of supererogation of truth, in your keeping to an agreement of no consequence. You have said that you shall go to the House of Commons to-night: why should you go?"

"Simply, dear mother, because I have said it."

"With whom is your promise lodged?"

"With my own heart."

"Then you may release yourself."

"Yes, if it had been a secret negociation of mere thought or intention; but this was a declaration uttered before witnesses, without reservation and condition, and which witnesses can all attest my falsehood, if I do not keep to my word'

"Are you bound to any one?"

"No."

"Then you do wrong in calling those who heard you witnesses, they are only auditors."

"Your verbal logic, ladies, I don't think, will easily release me; if I did not attach them as witnesses at the time, they will become witnesses if I am untrue"

"Witnesses of what, sir David?"

"Of my breach of my word."

"To whom?"

"They have no need to know that they heard the promise, and of course they will expect the performance"

"Where no one can claim the promise,

no one can feel a disappointment from the breach. You were pledged to yourself—you can release yourself. I cannot think that any one has a right to complain."

"Would not the charge against me of not fulfilling my promise be true?"

"I think not; for suppose this promise were made in reference to a person not present, and that person made the meeting of no effect, or gave back your promise, are you to inform every one that heard you of the cause of your omission?"

"No; because, if I was accused of a breach, I could readily and satisfactorily give the reason."

"And so you can now. Suppose, sir David, you were to stay at home with us, and one asked you, to-morrow, why you had not kept your word?"

"Would it not be a strange answer, that I had no inducement to do it?"

"That, though the true reason, is not clearly expressed. This, I rather think, is a fair statement. The business that I ex-

pected was postponed; I had made no one any promise, and had therefore no occasion to go."

"Ladies, you argue well, and fairly too, I allow. You see, I am not stubborn: but there is a point yet to be got over; perhaps some one who heard me may attend, in expectation of my fulfilling my word, to see me upon some subject, or they may inform others, who may go with the same intention."

"They ought to reason upon your supposed motives, and act accordingly. If you know such, send and ask them; but do not go merely because you said so. We are arguing against you upon a general principle, and take the present case for the ground of our logic."

"And prove yourselves, I must say, most able logicians."

"In such remarks, every one has mental reservations or recondite meanings, which need not be publicly expressed. When I intend any thing, in which I alone am concerned, it is conditional, be-

cause both the lease and release belong to myself. Every candid hearer will allow a latent condition. So, in every action of my life, every intention and every hope, I mean that I expect, intend, or do it, *if it please God;* but I do not always say *so:* yet every fair Christian will give me credit for the feeling of my heart, and they must have more enthusiasm than piety, more pharisaical judgment than Christian charity, more critical acumen towards the hearts of others, than honest insight into their own, who would accuse me of lacking that sense of divine grace, because I might not trumpet it forth."

"I shew," remarked sir David, "my conviction to the truth of your arguments, my dear ladies all, by yielding to them; but it is proper that I should send to Mr. Medley, to whom I addressed myself, to know if he expects or wishes me to attend."

The answer from Mr. Medley was quite satisfactory to the ladies' reasoning, and confirmed the new opinions of the baro-

net.—"I am obliged by your favour, but I had no idea of seeing you at the house to-night; because the business, which I conclude led to your remark, does not come on."

This verbal tenacity was a trifling, yet a troublesome point overcome. Many amiable characters become mere stubborn disagreeable people, through a want of clearly understanding the ramifications of truth, and by ever labouring to climb up the straight perpendicular branches. Horne Tooke complained that he lost a cause because the lord chief-justice did not correctly understand grammar; and there is often reason enough to complain of the perverseness of many well-meaning honest people, because they will not understand the grammar of truth. Like Pontius Pilate, they live many years in the world, and at last want an answer to the question—"What is truth?" Nay, to such a pitch does this ignorance of truth proceed, that many a person has been known to act falsely (if to act wil-

fully wrong be to act falsely), because he would be verbally correct. According to these, the undutiful son in the gospel, who, when his father said—"Son, go and work in my vineyard!" answered—"I will not," did wrong to repent, and offended against the truth, by going to work and obeying his father.

Let us put to the test a few common cases.—"I am very sorry," says one, "that I cannot oblige you, but I said that I would not do it, and I must keep to my word." Here, under the plea of truth, there is probably concealed falsehood and worldly interest.

Again—"If you can't give me the money I ask," says the seller, "I have another purchaser that will."—"I declared I would give you no more than I offered you, or otherwise I would now give you what you ask. The other person must have it then." Here a man is self-punished, I think deservedly. Such declarations are always made to intimidate the seller; if they don't succeed, they are bonds and

fetters with which a man foolishly binds himself; as no one but himself is the sufferer, I am not about to try my casuistry to release him.

Another case is, some one remarks—" It is a duty, sir, you owe to your wife and children, to insure your life."—" I know it, sir; and I would do it immediately, if I had not said that I would never insure my life."

Again—" I hope, my dear friend, that you will not send your son to the school you mentioned. He will certainly learn no good, and probably much evil."—" I shall be sorry if it prove as you think, and I confess that I have a different opinion of the school than I had; but the boy shall go, if it be but for half-a-year, for my word's sake." In these cases duty is neglected and morality endangered, for what? For the word's sake! It was for his word's sake that Herod beheaded John the Baptist; neither the dancing damsel, nor her incestuous and adulterous mother, nor his whole host of courtiers and syco-

phants, could tempt him to commit this foul murder till he had pledged his word to an indefinite act, and the remains of his virtue and humanity were caught in the trappings of his pride, his consequence, and his honour; and many of these gentlemen, over-tenacious of their words, have as much real respect for good and evil as he had. This man of fine honour would not break his word; Herod was very scrupulous of the truth, which overcame his first scruples about murder; but we do not find that he had any upon seduction, adultery, and incest. In exposing an upstart virtue, it should be exhibited in all its Protean shapes. This affectation of veracity makes parents break the sacred bond that binds them to their children—"I said, if he or she married beneath them, I would never notice them afterwards." It makes husbands, wives, and brethren, uncharitable—"I said, if so and so, I would have nothing more to say to them;" and it may be traced up to that "honour

among thieves," which binds a man down to the perpetration of any villany. So the noble and honourable lady Macbeth—

> "I have given suck, and know
> How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
> I would, while it was smiling in my face,
> Have pluck'd my nipple from its boneless gums,
> And dash'd the brains out, *had I but so sworn,*
> *As you have done to this.*"

If any Bœotian-headed man of his word should be determined to misunderstand me, I tell him, that I think a man's word, once pledged, most like the law of the Medes and Persians—it must alter not, even to his own detriment—he must abide by the consequence; but not to the detriment of others, not to the detriment of morality and religion; he was pledged most solemnly to support by actions, words, and thoughts, *all that was holy and good, before* he gave his word, promise, or oath, to do any act that could possibly infringe on this; and he therefore breaks *more than his word* by doing any action that is detrimental to THIS. All

promises and assertions where another is not directly or indirectly concerned are futile, trifling, and ineffective, alike contemptible in the breach or the observance; and, as all vain swearing is a sin, so all vain egotisms—I will—are a folly, fit only to adorn the morality of an old Lonsdale or Thurlow, to make a martyr of Vanini*, to increase the catalogue of virtues of T. Paine or Carlile, or to involve the fate of some hero or heroine in a novel.

But let me proceed with my heroine, whom I am not about to entangle in cobweb difficulties of this kind; yet from her history I have not greatly digressed, for there was a circumstance concerning her in the Apreuth family, which was a case in point, which sir David, in spite of his verbal tenacity, had already failed in, and which the foregoing conversation now re-

* Vanini is said to have died a martyr to *his* belief of the truth; we know it was—*rather than retract his word.* T. Paine is another case in point, who *wished for the consolations of religion,* if he could have received them without an *open* renunciation of his irreligious works.

conciled more clearly to his mind. When it was first proposed to permit our orphan to be a regular parlour inmate, sir David objected—" She is an amiable and excellent child, and not one of you can think more highly of her than I do; but I will never give my consent that a child, born in the vilest state, and existing on charity, shall be exalted to an equality with my own sisters." Yet his mother and sisters gradually established their desire, and circumstances soon after accumulated so fast in little Lucy's favour, particularly when the putrid fever had afflicted great part of the family, and sir David himself had owed his life to the personal feelings and exertions of Lucy, then in her thirteenth year, that the noble baronet himself would have been the first to have opposed a different arrangement. Thus, as it was remarked to him this evening, though he had never given his consent verbally, he had mentally—he had heartily—he had, spite of the positiveness of his will, given it; in every kind word, in every civil action, he

had as fully given his consent, as if he had honestly said—"It was a very foolish speech that I made, when I said—'I never will consent that Lucy Chamont shall live on terms of equality with my mother and sisters;' the little maid has won my heart, and I might with as much reason have said, that I could never love her. I have for a long time had not the least objection against it; her excellent behaviour has removed my objection; and therefore I am happy to confess it, to retract my error, and to let my words go with my heart."

As this was the first time Miss Chamont heard of the baronet's resolve, which had been made ten years before, and broken, all but in words more than eight, he affectionately sealed upon her lips the revocation, and did make some remarks to the purpose that has been here stated.

CHAPTER XI.



Miss Chamont had not been many days in town before a stranger called, who, she understood from the servants, had made inquiry for her before, and desired to speak to her alone. It required no great physiognomical wisdom to divine that he had rather an ill-favoured appearance; but, as she saw no cause for apprehension, she did not decline the communication. The man civilly, though awkwardly, bowed, as the servant closed the door, and directly said—"I suppose as how you don't remember any thing of me, Miss? But to cut my story and my business short, I am your uncle."

"My uncle, sir!" with more apprehension than affection the young lady spoke.

"Yes, Miss, I am your own very uncle, if it be so that you are the little

girl who was taken from Newgate to be brought up at the Philanthropy place, and whom the old admiral took away from there."

The young lady could scarcely answer that she believed what he said of her was very correct.

"Well then, Miss, you may look upon me as your own uncle, and I believe the only relation you have; any how, I be sure there is no one so near to you as I am."

Lucy knew not what to say, and the new kinsman proceeded.—"I know nothing sartain about your father's kin to signify, but your mother, his wife, as she was called—ay, ay, they were married, by a parson too—was my sister."

Miss Chamont at length asked his name.

"My name! oh! why—my name is Turner; but there is no need of talking about names, and all that; the less said the better. I remember it—I knew it all—and I can prove it all very well: but

rot it, Miss! I don't want to be preaching about these things, seeing as how you be become a fine lady, in a fine house, and brought up and among fine people, who, no doubt, can give you all the fine and good things you may want. No, no, Miss, I wont call you niece, lest any of the servants should hear. I wont expose you; none of these great people shall know a word of the matter."

She now expressed her wonder that she had never heard any thing of him before.

"Why, young miss, as to that, it is no great wonder. I was abroad when your poor father, my brother, had the misfortune; and then I have a great many enemies, who might swear to any thing against me, if they could get any thing by it; and it 'tis but lately that I found you out. Well, I don't want to rip up old sores; but's to be hoped you ben't so proud and so great as to want to deny your poor relation in his trouble. An it comes to that, the lawyer says I've a right, by law, to have

the care of you; and indeed I want somebody to take care of me, and who is so proper as one's own relation, my sister's child too? But there, I won't take you from these fine folk; yet, as you are so well to do, it is to be hoped you will give your nearest relation, your proper guardian, a little help, as he is willing enough in his way to give you."

Miss Chamont began in some degree to recover herself, and finding her new kinsman was coming to the point, she asked him to express himself clearly in what he wished her to do for him.

"Why, then," said he, looking cautiously about the room, and speaking low, "if I can't get fifty pounds, I shall be in great trouble, and you'll have the disgrace of another near relation's misfortune," (so a vicious mind ever calls the consequence of sin,) "and I shall be obliged to let the cat out of the bag, and tell every body who you and I are."

"Fifty pounds!" said Miss Chamont, thoughtfully, and not much regarding

the threat, and she deliberately rang the bell.

"What's the matter now?" said the uncle; "take care what——"

The servant entered.

"Is general Maurice come in?"

"No, ma'am; I just opened the door to Mr. and Mrs. Bereton, and told them you were engaged, and nobody else is at home."

"Run after them, and tell them I wish to speak to Mr. Bereton instantly."

The servant left them. "Mr. Bereton," said she to the stranger, "is a gentleman who knows more of me than any other person does, unless it may be yourself. He happens to call while you are here. He lodges near. He is in the law. The gentlemen of the family are not at home."

The man knew the latter as well as herself; he seemed now in a hurry to go. —"I can't well wait for any one. What! haven't you the matter of fifty pounds, or fifty pounds worth of something, to spare,

to give a poor relation, without making this fuss of exposing us both ?"

" I cannot be exposed," said the young lady, recovering her firm mind; " there is no secret here of my unhappy birth. If you are my uncle, I will endeavour to serve you more truly than by a mere fifty pounds, though even that I am not in the present possession of."

" If you give me, then——"

Mr. Bereton and his wife entered the room.

" This gentleman," it was an abuse of the term, as Miss Chamont pointed to the stranger, " introduces himself to me as my uncle, my mother's brother."

" Well, and what then?" said the gentleman. " I don't know what strangers have to do between us. I have nothing to say to this, my niece, here, if as how she be the daughter of old Jack, that's of such mighty consequence for any one else to interfere."

" Why, this is the case, sir," said Mr.

Bereton, " Miss Chamont wishes to serve her relations; prove yourself one, and I'll answer for her assisting you."

" Why, as to that, I've got safe enough the parson's copy of the registers, how that I and her mother are brother and sister; but mayhap it may be dangerous for me to go about proving myself; and a pretty way of serving me that would be, by serving me with a—halter; there has been enough in the family of that kind already."

" You had better leave us," said Mr. Bereton.

" By no means," said she; " I have no apprehension of the result."

" Give me the means of investigating the truth," continued Mr. Bereton to the uncle, " and I'll indemnify your person in this case; or, if you can satisfactorily answer a few questions, will relieve your immediate wants, and defer investigation to another time; but if you refuse this, I must suspect bad motives from your visit here, and shall apply to the Bow-street

magistrate, who is my particular acquaintance, to investigate whom or what you are."

The man keenly viewed him, then calmly enough said—"Well, sir, what have you to ask?"

"Who do you say was this lady's supposed mother?"

"My sister."

"What was her name?"

"Mary Turner."

Mr. Bereton wrote it down—"And the father?"

"He went by the usual name of his office."

"What was his real name?"

"Thomas Jennings."

"Where were they married?"

"Oh! as to the marriage, I was not in the way at the time; but you don't want," said he archly, "to bastardize the young lady?"

"Where did they live?"

"I can't tell you, they had so many homes, where we all live who live upon

our wits, somewhat like you gemmen who follow the law. You should have a little more fellow-feeling than to cross-question one so."

"What is your own name?"

"Thomas Turner."

"Where were you and your sister born?"

"At Bristol."

"You had better leave us," said Mr Bereton, softly, to Miss Chamont, "and tell the footmen to be in waiting."

The young lady, with Mrs. Bereton, reluctantly left the room.

"True or not your story," said Mr. Bereton, "there was no need of the lady's staying; true or not, you can never have any thing to say to her. Your answers don't agree with all my other information, you may be right; if so, I will, in the lady's case, take care to give you assistance; if you are wrong, you expose yourself to the laws; and probably you have been asking of money; trust me, I'll sift you to the bottom, and give you justice:

but I'll make you an offer, for you cannot intimidate the lady; if this is all a trick, and you'll never let us hear any thing more of you, I'll promise, on our part, that the business of this morning shall in no time be brought against you."

The man was intimidated, and silently acquiescing, was ready to depart. Mr. Bereton stopped him; and anxious for further satisfaction, said—" Answer me one question, and I'll give you a guinea;" and he took out the guinea. " Who set you on this scheme?"

" I wont tell you," said the man; " but you'll never hear more of it."

" Here, take the guinea," said Mr. Bereton. " You have no objection to answer me another. Did you ever know the supposed father of this lady, or her mother?"

" Never in my life; they must have died long before I came upon the town."

Here ended this affair, and no other of the kind ever occurred; but about a year afterwards it was accidentally discovered

that the scheme originated from a discarded footman, who did not live above a week in the house, so fond are servants of talking of the affairs of a family.

The good sense and rational conduct of Miss Chamont thus easily rescued her from what might have become a system of depredation on her purse, a constant source of disquietude to her mind, and, perhaps, an artful entanglement of her credit and her character.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. James Howel's fanaticism was at this time at its height; he was studying very seriously and laboriously to qualify himself for a missionary, and yet he by no means neglected his regular business. Among the qualifications of a missionary, a wife was thought a very necessary one; and one day, when he called at sir David's, he

entered fully upon the subject before the ladies Apreuth and Miss Chamont—" It will be some time," continued Mr. Howel, " before I shall be able to go abroad; I therefore shall have time to labour, to instruct, and to inform, and to convert, a wife; it is therefore my serious wish to marry some young woman from the ways of evil, that, even by marriage, I may save a soul."

The lady dowager Apreuth expressed herself shocked at the idea.

" Nay, my lady," said he, gravely, " one as yet virtuous I certainly shall endeavour to select; but among parents of infidel practice, I may surely find her."

At the commencement of the conversation, the ladies doubted not that he purposed making an offer to Miss Chamont; but his discourse clearly shewed that she was out of his thoughts, being already too much reformed for him.

In his search for a daughter of evil, it appeared that a mere child of sin, as to the

pedigree, was by no means sufficient; he wished for a full view of the luxurious leaves, and buds, and flowers of wickedness, that he might check their growth. blight the noxious fruit, and in lieu of them, graft the wholesome produce of virtue and piety.

Mr. J. Howel was accustomed to rise early, study, and then walk about to digest his mental food, before he went to the secular business of the day. In the evening, he either studied at his own lodgings, or attended the lectures of some eminent person. In his morning meditations he often passed through Billingsgate, and often made some small purchase of fish. Among the fishwomen there was one, a very young woman, not deficient in beauty. but of such a tongue, that the boldest in that renowned place could not encounter it with impunity. He had heard her oratory with horror and with amazement; there was no part of speech this young lady was deficient in; and the shocking

expletion of oaths seemed, as in truth it was, natural to her.

"Ah!" thought James Howel, "here is every thing I could wish in a wife—how wicked, how unprincipled, how clever!" for, exclusive of her command of language, she had her pen and ink upon her stall, which she often shewed she knew the best use of, by good writing and quick arithmetic. "What if I could add this stray lamb to the flock of Christ!" Probably, too, the black eyes, white teeth, and pretty lips, with the elegant person, air, and attitudes, as well as the very wicked language she indulged in, turned the mind of Mr. James Howel towards Miss Sally Coral. Be that as it may, four mornings in one week he bought fish at her stall; and if ever this young man was very particularly attached to Miss Chamont, here was an object, with such a mixture of inducements, that mere beauty, sense, virtue, and piety, of the very first water, could not long shine with rays

equally enlightening. A judicious contrast of mixtures is irresistible; so James found in Sarah Coral; while his puritanical look did not conceal his regular expressive features and manly air—

> The glow that temperance o'er the cheek had spread,
> Where the soft down half veil'd the purest red;
> And the serene deportment that proclaim'd
> A heart unspotted, and a life unblamed. CRABBE.

And as for the fair one's modesty, James was soon convinced of that, by the respect which was paid her by both men and women. This part of a good character, a judicious eye may always discover through the behaviour of intimates.

With a sinner in his matrimonial eye just to his mind, a little disappointment arose. Doctor Paulito had been appointed to examine some young men, who professed themselves candidates for the missionary ministry, and his remark to Mr. James Howel was—" I am truly astonished, young gentleman, at the progress you have made in the *ancient* learned lan-

guages, but I must candidly tell you, that your gift does not appear to me to be in the *modern* oral tongue; but persevere—as long as you have the faith of Christ at heart, you will, whatever may be your situation, soon become a very useful member of his church;" therefore he still persevered in study, and in his love-adventure.

As he thus often purchased a trifle of Sally, the conversation lengthened between them. She had always a smile and a civil speech for him; she would offer him better fish than he asked for, and there never was a word of dispute about the price on either side. When he approached her stall, any other customer soon met a sharp answer, and a speedy sale: they quickly began to understand one another's feelings, without any verbal explanation. At length a rival helped forward the suit.

"Why, Sally," bawled a smart and bold-looking young man from a distant stall, "you seem to like that smock-faced Methodist?"

"My friend," said James, "you might use civil language towards a stranger, who tries to offend no one."

"Don't friend me up, you canting young hypocrite, or I'll come round and give you a dowse in your soft chops!" and the fellow did not spare oaths in reply.

Sally defended her favourite; but he very calmly—"I beg you, young woman, not to use such language on my account. I know not how I've offended that man."

"That man!" said the other, with an oath.

"Were you twice as rich as you are," said Sally to the fish-hero, significantly, "and if there was not a man in the whole city of London besides, I'd never listen to you!"

"A girl of your spirit," exclaimed the fishmonger, "ought not to be caught by a baby-face. We can all guess what's his business here every morning. March off, you sanctified rascal, or I'll soon ring your nose to a new tune!"

"What must I call you?" said James,

somewhat roused; "civil or plain terms will offend you alike. Shall I speak out then at once, and say you're an impudent fellow?"

The man, who was greedily catching at offence, with one hand leaped over his stall, and flew like a wild beast at him. Sally hastened around; but the young Welshman, like an ancient Briton, received the charge, staggered his fierce assailant with a full blow in the face, sprang forward, and grasping, with both hands extended, the man's collar and waistband, fairly pitched him over his own stall into his proper place behind it; while the warrior, confounded, staggering against the back of it, with a bloody nose and swelling eyes, made not another offer to come forward. Sally was now arrived at the scene of heroism; her bright eyes, softened with pleasure, spoke volumes as she wiped James's face with her white clean handkerchief, though the face did not require it; yet he did not seem to dislike the action, while all the spectators applauded

him to the skies. Many jokes passed upon the occasion.

"Why, with such a second, you would fight the whole market," says one.

"The parson deserves the girl," says another.

"He has won her, and shall wear her," says a third.

"He has given the other a Rowland," says a fourth.

"Ay, he's a bit of a Rowland Hill," says another.

"Now then would be the time," some one proceeded, "to give us a sermon."

"He'd thump it into us, if we didn't mind," exclaimed a wit.

"If I did preach," said James, with a full voice, "it should be—'Swear not at all; thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.'"

"Well done! well done!" said they all.

"You're an honest fellow," said a steady aged man, shaking him by the hand;

" and since it offends you, I'll never swear an oath when you are present."

" He is always present, whom swearing most offends," said James.

Again the spectators gave him a cheer of approbation; and as he turned towards Sally's stall, the people civilly withdrew.

Howel unassumingly kept his station, and addressing himself to the fair one, softly said—" They all guess right enough at my real business here. Will you let me come again upon the same?"

" I shall always be happy to see you," she replied, " for you have, no doubt, ridden me of one whose money I don't value an oyster," looking at the still-confused fishmonger. " But do you think this is my only home?"

" I've thought little but of *yourself*," he replied, " and in seeing me I have little else to offer you—a plain coat on my back, and a few books at home. By trade I'm a cabinet-maker, though, as yet, but a journeyman."

She heard him with smiles; and he inquired where else he could see her? She wrote down her residence, and agreed to meet him, and walk out on the Sunday, when he easily prevailed upon her to attend with him at a meeting. The courtship was closely followed up, and in six weeks (I am proceeding rather before the history of my heroine) James Howel led Sarah Coral to the altar.

He found, for he made no inquiries before, that the small house in which she lived was her own, and that her father and mother being dead, she lived with an infirm aunt. When he offered to take her to his humble lodging, she informed him of this; so he gave up the lodging.

They were married on a Monday. The first week of the honeymoon passed. He began to fancy that he had been, in part, disappointed; for he perceived that he had not so bad a wife as he had intended to have married, and he knew that, in many respects, he had a very good one. That she was good-natured, sensible, cleanly,

modest, and, above all, willing to improve, he was already convinced; and her kindness to an old aunt, who he found was dependent on her, proved that a Christian grace, which surpasses the highest professor's gifts, was no stranger to her soul. In the morning he breakfasted with his wife, and went to his work; in the evening he returned home, and saw a decent servant-maid.

At the end of the week he gave his wife his wages, and said—"This wont be enough. Do you wish to give up the stall?"

"I thought you disliked my being there," she answered, "so I have sent the girl in my place, and I do business at home; my earnings more than double yours, if you do not object to this proceeding."

"Indeed! do as you like, my love; but I shall soon be able to earn two guineas a-week; and as long as you are kind and obliging, I require nothing farther: but I wish to tell you, that you surprise me in

one thing I expected of you. Though an occasion or two has offered, I have not heard one improper word from your mouth."

" *Swearing* do you mean, my love? I hope you don't think I am so bad as to *swear at home?* but 'tis the *natural* language of the market, and without the use of the vulgar tongue, we could never do any business; we should be behind-hand with the rest; and this was the reason I did not keep the market myself, because you made an objection or two, before we were married, to my use of a little logic.'

" Logic, do you call it, my dear wife? 'tis the devil's logic, indeed! I had rather support you, and I can do it with pleasure, without any business on your part, than have you carry on this trade, and get thousands a-year."

" As for that," said she, " I can earn a decent livelihood, and never keep any stall. This house is my own, and I have a few hundreds with a safe friend; you may use it all as you please."

Mr. James Howel bore this second disappointment, of not meeting with a very wicked wife, with admirable patience, and yet greater resignation than the untoward prospect of not being well qualified for a missionary; and making the best of his premature good fortune, we will, at present, leave him.

Though it was later in the season than lady Apreuth intended, she set off with her beloved foster-child to visit Mr. Arthur in Devonshire, where general Maurice had been some weeks; and sir David and his lady went at the same time into Wales. Mr. Marsham and his wife were gone on a tour to the lakes; lord Atheling was with his father. Lady Apreuth did not intend to stop at Bath but a day or two, and wishing to arrive in the morning, purposed to sleep the first night at Marlborough. From Newbury the servants were sent forward in a postchaise, and her ladyship, with Miss Chamont, followed in her own carriage with post-horses.

The horse that the driver rode was blind, the other was a very fine powerful horse, and had been purchased from a gentleman of sporting celebrity in that neighbourhood; he knew his way to his own home, from which he had been sold for the coaches, on account of his violent temper, and made many attempts to turn to it. The driver at last got off to put his curb tighter; and the instant he found his advantage, from the momentary relaxation of restraint, he turned short round, forced the blind horse with him, overthrew the driver in the dirt, and set off the way he wished. The ladies were very much alarmed, and yet more so, when the chaise turned down a narrower road. Lady Apreuth instantly proposed that they should open the doors on both sides, and jump out.

"Be careful, my dear, and jump beyond the wheels, and you can have no other hurt than the fall."

Miss Chamont, on the other hand, earnestly begged her ladyship to sit still,

and patiently await in the carriage the accident that must at length stop them—"For the chaise, and not ourselves, must then receive the first violence; but if we throw ourselves out, there is a double effect to occasion injury—the force of our own exertions, and of the speed of the carriage, besides the dreadful apprehension of being entangled in the hind-wheels."

But this was no time to reason, or to talk; yet the mind was all alive and active; and lady Apreuth, observing a waggon at a distance, exclaimed—"There's not a moment to be lost! open the door directly, Lucy, and jump out! we shall be crushed under the waggon!"

As she spoke, she threw wide her own door, and was rising from her seat to encounter the greater danger, when Miss Chamont resolutely pulled her back in the carriage. Lady Apreuth had not time to shew her displeasure and to expostulate; the vicious animal had seen the waggon, and swerving to avoid it, at the same instant drew the wheels into the

ditch, and precipitated them against the hedge and bank. At this moment a person leaped from the opposite hedge, ran up, held down the restive beast, who was plunging and trying to rise, and exclaimed—"Get out at the upper door, and slide down behind the carriage." Lady Apreuth was hurt, on account of her having opened the door; but they both did as they were directed, and were very soon in safety behind the carriage.

The waggoner now came up, and assisted the stranger, who appeared to be a gamekeeper, in securing the horses. It is not necessary to describe the feelings of the ladies. It was a damp and wet evening; they were in a narrow road without one attendant, and knew not where they should be able to lay their heads for the night; yet joy and gratitude to God were the only feelings of their minds.

The stranger came up, and making the usual inquiries, found lady Apreuth's hurt was very trifling—a scratch from the hinge of the open door, which had occasioned a

flow of blood—" But how, ladies, came your door open?"

Lady Apreuth told him.

" How could you be so rash, ma'am? You must have lost your life at the moment, had it not been for this young lady's presence of mind and resolution, and probably you would have lost your life, if you had jumped out on the plain road."

Lady Apreuth burst into a flood of joyful tears, and affectionately embraced Miss Chamont, whose tears flowed as plentifully as her own. They both warmly expressed their thanks to the stranger, who they easily perceived was no gamekeeper, and also to the waggoner. They inquired where they were, and consulted what was best to be done.

" You are a few miles from the high road," said the stranger, " but many miles from a respectable inn. There is a decent public-house about half a mile off, to which I will attend you, ladies, and where you may safely wait till your servants are sent

for, and another carriage and horses are provided."

"It will be very late," said lady Apreuth, "and I care not where I rest for the night. But the first thing I wish to have done is, to inquire for the safety of the postboy."

"Leave it all to me, ma'am," said he; "I'll give directions to the waggoner, who has a boy with him, about the chaise and horses, and also about the postboy."

Lady Apreuth gave him her address, and promise to reward the waggoner, and, in return, she was informed that he himself was the reverend Mr. Remley, and that he had only been a few days in the neighbourhood to inspect a living; that his house was not yet furnished, and that he had no acquaintance to whose home he could introduce them. The gentleman fetched his gun from the hedge, and they proceeded.

As they walked towards the public-house, they could just observe in the shades of evening a very noble mansion at a considerable distance.

"If I knew but the owner of this," said he, "probably I could get you beds, if you are not afraid of a ghost, which our great poet Mr. Scott has noticed in his Rokeby. By-the-bye, I slept at the little inn to which we are going, before I could get a bed put up at the old rectory, and the people lent me a ballad of all the particulars of this ghost, which, perhaps, will amuse you."

They soon arrived at the public-house; there was a very small clean parlour at their service, and a decent bed-room, and lady Apreuth resolved at once to stay there the night.

Let me now more particularly introduce their new acquaintance. The reverend William Remley was a worthy man; but to a freak of fortune was he indebted for his preferment. Mr. Remley's father had been a burgess of the corporation of Godford, a close borough of my lord Raylton's. In hopes of his lordship's influence, William was brought up to the church, and old Remley saw him in the corporation

before his own decease. Soon after his lordship gave him the little living of Lumford, with many professions of his attachment to his father, to whom, in truth, he was greatly politically obliged, as, at the most critical time, Mr. Remley had given him his support; and the old man had not the least doubt that the grateful nobleman would bestow upon his son the living of Wishsheaf upon an expected vacancy, the incumbent being turned of eighty; but Remley the father died, the rector of Wishsheaf lived to be ninety; his lordship, meantime, bought all the dependent borough-houses of sir Harry Sansthrift. Mr. William Remley had no turn for politics, and such was the state of affairs, when, at length, the living of Lumford became vacant. Wishsheaf, of six hundred pounds a-year, was now out of the question, and the reverend son of his lordship's friend might think himself lucky to have gotten Lumford with two hundred. Here he settled, and industriously supported a wife and four children, by the additional lay-

support of shooting and fishing, in which he was both skilful and indefatigable; for his father having had a very large family, a college education was the utmost he could afford for William.

This sporting was very unpleasant to his lordship; but as the vicar went no where for his game but upon land and water, where he had a right to go, lord Raylton could not in decency object to his conduct. Besides, Mr. Remley, though as good-tempered and civil a man as ever lived, had all the independence of a true sportsman. At length Wishsheaf became vacant, and many were the applications that his lordship received. Mr. Remley not being, on the first news, at home, his prudent wife applied in her husband's name.

"Of all the candidates," said his lordship to his steward, "Remley shall not have it. I have paid already, to my cost, his father's services by Lumford; *we don't want his*, Mr. Lockey."

His lordship would not determine im-

mediately; and the steward, who was in hopes for his own son-in-law, departed.

His lordship's gamekeeper now asked for an audience—"My lord, I am very sorry to tell your lordship the truth, but I cannot preserve the game as I ought. There is no use, my lord, of watching day and night, and catching and prosecuting these poachers; for parson Remley, my lord, and you know, my lord, how often I have told you so, kills more game than all the poachers. I have tried all the fair ways in my power to stop him. I didn't go to church, my lord, for half a year, and took care he should know that I was affronted, because he killed your lordship's game."

"Pho! pho!" said his lordship.

"It didn't do any good, my lord," continued the zealous servant, "and so I go to church again, my lord; but that dostn't do any good neither. He only said, one day when I met him—'I'm glad to see you at the church again. I hope you come to it from better motives than you left it.' Motives! my lord, I'm sure,

good or bad, he's got enough for his shooting. Why, my lord, the whole family, as Tom Butcher knows, live upon game and and fish; and then they say he's a-going to take pupils."

"Provoking!" exclaimed the earl.—"What can be done? This is, indeed, a very serious business."

"Serious, my lord! yes, it be serious, your lordship! Why he's out from daylight to sunset, through thick and thin, and he'll leap a five-bar gate with game enough in his pockets to load a stage-coach with: and then his garden, my lord, goes down to the most famous part of the trout-stream, which he has banked up, and a nice warm sunny bank it is; the best in all the country he has made it; and he knows how to catch them cleverer than all the gamekeepers in the kingdom: and, begging pardon, my lord, that little parson can carry four hares, besides birds, in the great, large pocket that goes round his shooting-dress; and I saw him, my lord, shoot three pheasants at one discharge of

his double-barrelled gun; and then his dogs point, and dash in and catch——"

"George, George, I'll not bear this any longer!" His lordship spoke, and rang the bell. "I'll send for him—forbid him—forbid him I can't—I'll threaten—I'll—Go directly" (to the livery-servant) "to Mr. Remley; tell him I wish to speak to him immediately!"

By the time Mr. Remley was found, and waited upon his lordship, the enraged *ci-devant* patron had cooled a little; yet still the purport of his soul was the same—"Mr. Remley, I am very happy to see you; believe me that I am your friend. I have a great many applications for this living of Wishsheaf; Mr. Lockey's new son-in-law has no preferment; I do not approve of pluralities; if you will resign Lumford, I wish so much to serve you, and if you'll promise me to reside at Wishsheaf—non-residence and pluralities are the ruin of the church—I will, my worthy young friend, give you Wishsheaf."

"My lord, I am greatly obliged; on

your own terms I am most happy to accept your offer."

His lordship's steward was instantly summoned—"Mr. Lockey," said the earl, "make out for Mr. Remley the resignation of Lumford, and the presentation to Wishsheaf; and you may make out for your good son-in-law the presentation to Lumford."

Mr. Remley was now come down to be inducted into Wishsheaf. By his care and attention, every thing was arranged to the satisfaction of lady Apreuth and Miss Chamont. With increased pleasure they heard that the chaise-driver was not hurt; their servants at Marlborough were informed that the ladies were safe, but did not require their attendance that evening, and a chaise was ordered to be sent for them early the next morning. Mr. Remley also was their caterer, and introduced to them a boiled fowl and a brace of roasted partridges for their united dinner and supper; and he then mentioned, to the ad-

ditional peace of their minds, that he should not leave the house till he had seen them safe with their servants, and had therefore provided himself with a bed in the house.

The ladies were in very good spirits—"I could almost fancy I was travelling abroad," said Miss Chamont.

"I have been," said lady Apreuth, "through most parts of the south of Europe; and I assure you I never found, in their best accommodation, the comforts we meet with without preparation at this little public-house. Here is a neat, clean, and warm parlour, with a decent carpet, and all the necessaries of life good, and instantly to be had, besides the splendid supper which you have procured us."

Lady Apreuth mentioning her son in Wales, Mr. Remley said—"I think I have had the pleasure of meeting him at Jesus College, Oxford, at the rooms of a fellow-sportsman, a Mr. Glynne, who lived near him in the country."

This, of course, proffered great food for

conversation, and lady Apreuth inquired if he had any acquaintance at Bath?

"No, my lady; but my wife has a cousin, who has been very kind to us since our marriage, an old maid, Miss Ffloyd, whom, as soon as we are settled, we purpose paying a visit to."

To the usual civil speeches which occur on these occasions, lady Apreuth added—"And by the time I hope to see you at Bath, I trust also I shall be acquainted with Miss Ffloyd; for I am particularly desired by sir David to call upon her when I get to Bath, to ask a favour of her concerning some property which the lady has adjoining to my son's."

So agreeably passed the evening, till the hour of rest, that the ladies had not time to read the ballad of the history of the haunted house, which they had seen from the road; but in the morning Miss Chamont, who was up very early, copied it, by the permission of the landlady; and if the reader feels any farther interest in this

correct history, to corroborate which, the very room and furniture had been preserved, *for what reason no one could ever divine*, unless for the one mentioned in the ballad, after the commencement of the nineteenth century, and the whole of the account is still allowed by tradition of the family, and of the neighbourhood, it is here added:—

THE LITTLECOTE GHOSTE.

"Rap! rap!" The midwife starts—"Who's there?"
"Arise! arise! on a ladie waite."
Around her quick the midwife threw
Her cloathes, and rush'd into the streete.

"Come, come, with me! a carriage nigh,"
In haste a muffled strangere cried.
She mounts—she starts! There is no retreate;
A ruffian sits on either side.

Up flie the blindes—'tis darknesse all!
"Speake not, and feare not." Rounde and rounde
The chariote whirls; then off with speede
It swifthe clears the unknown grounde.

It stops: no clue directs the way;
No time the space and distance clears.
A bandage tighte excludes her sighte—
"Speake not, and feare not," all she hears.

Conducted up six steps of stone,
  She pass'd the hall at the *twentieth* stride,
Mounts *one-and-thirty* glossy stairs,
  And paused—the bandage is untied.

A statelie bed first met her view,
  On farthest side a spacious roome;
An auntient dame a taper held,
  Whose light alone dispell'd the gloome:

Save that an antichamber's hearth
  Shot forth the glare of fiery red,
By suddein flashes mark'd the scene,
  And straunge and awful influence shed.

"Approach the bed; exert thine art;
  The ladie save—I aske no more:"
He sayd; and turning hastilie,
  Paced too and froe the adjoining floor.

The ladie's safe: nor she alone—
  A stout and healthy infant smiled.
The vizardman the tydings heard;
  Enters abrupt—"Give me the child."

He seized, and fiercelie grasp'd the throate,
  To crush the infant's piteous crie,
Rush'd desperate to the neighbouring flames—
  "Die! and let guilte, shame, sorrow, die!"

The midwife started, trembling looked,
  One step she took—she could no more:
With strength and pain the infant writhed,
  And bounced with force upon the floor.

The wretch it 'gainst the mantel strikes,
Down on the hearth stifles its cries,
Heaps high the pile; and 'midst the smoke,
Ashes, and flames, the infant dies.

The busie nurse applys her care,
Insensible the ladie lay;
The midwife scarcelie breathes or standes,
And graspes the curtain for her stay

Suddein the thought—Close by her side,
The instruments of art suspende
She lifts the damaske—fits the tool,
And severs off the furthest ende

Soon done, soon secreted; and soon
The sad stern voice her ear assails—
"Midwife, away!" And, at the worde,
Again her sighte the bandage veils

The *one-and-thirty* steps are trod;
He crosses the hall at twenty strides,
From the porch descends six steps of stone,
And homewarde dark and guarded rides

Now rounde and rounde the chariot whirles;
It stops. She hears the voice repeat—
"Thy speech is death! be wise! beware!"
At once she is lifted on her feet.

A purse of gold rewardes her toils:
The chariote's gone—she lifts her handes,
Tears off the bandage froe her eyes,
And lo! at her own door she stands.

Three days in agonie of minde,
Upon her bed, with fear and care,
Oppress'd she lay; while memorie cries—
"Thy speech is death! be wise! beware!"

'Twas the fourth morn, the smiling day
Invites her forth. A distant bell,
From Littlecote's proud turrets, sounds
Some dying person's passing knell.

"What inmate of this princely dome
Resigns its state of pomp and pride?
What spirit of the Darrell blood
Proves him to beggar's dust allied?"

"His lovelie sister! Who e'er saw
That beauteous form of youth and grace,
That face of peace and innocence,
And deem'd her of the Darrell race?

"Who e'er beheld, and did not love?
Who knew, and did not own her worth?
Who will not weep upon her bier,
Although she boaste the Darrell birth?

"E'en he, the tyrant fierce and fell,
Darrell, her haughtie brother, he,
In pomp, and power, and wealth, who ne'er
To man or God would bend the knee.

"E'en he that angel sister saw
With love and awe; and when she spake,
His passions own'd the genial calm,
In look and worde, for Emma's sake.

"Then, Darrell, lay thee on her grave,
Despite of all thy noble bloode;
There is now no being through the world,
That wishes, wills, or speakes thee goode."

The midwife heard: she turn'd her steed,
And rode up to a neighbouring gate,
Where lived, for truth and wisdom famed,
A venerable magistrate.

And thus—" O, sir, for pitie hear!
Protect my life 'gainst power and pride,
Expose the wicked, strong, and great,
And justice yield the righteous side.

"Bourne in the dead of night away,
Silent and dark, perplext with fears,
No clue for distant time and space—
'Speake not, and feare not'—all I hear.

"'Twas Darrell's voice; when in the coach—
'Speake not, and feare not,' could I hear.
That voice, a ruffian at each side—
'And dare to speak, or fail to fear.'

"'Twas Darrell's voice. I once did cross
The path his game had trac'd before;
I know him now; I heard him then;
At me, in pride of heart, he swore.

"I never can that voice forget!
And sure again that eye I knew,
Of daring insolence and scorne;
It through the vizor struck my view.

"Conducted up *six steps* of stone,
I pass the hall at the *twentieth* stride,
Mount *one-and-thirty* glossy stairs,
And then the bandage is untied.

"A stately bed first meets my sight;
On farthest side a spacious roome,
An auntient dame a taper holds,
Whose light alone dispels the gloome;

"Save that an antichamber's hearth
Shoots forth the glare of fiery red,
While sudden flashes mark the scene,
And straunge and awful influence shed.

'Approach the bed; exert thine art,
The ladie save—I ask no more!'
HE SPAKE: and turning hastilie,
Trod too and froe the adjoining floor.

"The ladie's safe: nor she alone—
A stout and healthy infant smiled;
But, ah! the vizardman rush'd in,
And in the flames destroy'd the child.

"I can no more. Close by my side
My instruments of art suspende;
I lift the curtain—fit the tool,
And sever off this farthest ende."

"Thy tale," the justice spake, "in truth,
To Darrell's haughty dome applies.
A voice hath said, his sister fair,
The victim of vile passion dies.

"Though Littlecote gives forth report,
  That fever's swift and deadly blow,
Ere medicine could extend his hand,
  Laid Darrell's worth and beauty low.

"Ho! there! the civil power attend!
  Did Darrell mightier powers wield,
Were he more desperate, fierce, and fell,
  To British justice he should yield."

O, England! famed for righteous laws,
  Be prized and praised thy *public* worth.
Although corruption's baneful weed
  Springs from the source of private growth.

See Darrell now a culprit stand
  Before the criminal's sad bar,
While Popham, scowling from the bench,
  Looks judge and executioner.

Some one the judge a letter gives
  Secret he reads—"If Darrell, clear
From this dread charge, regains his home,
  Judge Popham shall be Darrell's heir."

The jury, Magna Charta says,
  Shall verdict give for fact and law,
But counsellors and judges oft
  Pervert the truth by artful flaw.

Judge Popham doubts, confounds, refutes,
  And aims the evidence to impeache,
For cutting off the curtain he,
  It seems, would rather hang the leeche.

"What, if the tale be most correct,
And steps and damask all agree?
What, if some maiden were with child?
The rest is folly, fright, we see.

"Shall Darrell, with misfortunes crost,
His servant's crime, his sister's death,
Yet feel affliction's deadliest curse,
From calumny's envenom'd breath?

"Be it ours the injured to redress,
The innocent from treachery guide,
Crush low-born envy, malice, hate,
And nobly lean to mercy's side."

'Tis said, despite of lawyers' wiles,
The verdict "Guilty" twice was heard;
But "reconsider!" cried the judge.
The jury trembled, and demurr'd.

The struggle's hard 'tween righte and crafte;
Cramp words and legal puzzles win:
And Darrell rides to Littlecote,
With no more guilt than just the sin.

Then, Darrell, freely let thy veins
Flow with intemperance of evil;
Be, as thou wert, till thy rich prize
Is parted 'twixt the judge and divell.

Then spreade the board, heape on the food,
Let oaths and ribaldrie abound;
"To Darrell's foes confusion" drink,
And send the toaste in bumpers round.

Push on the bowl—"Here's Popham's health!'
Fill goblets brimful round the hall;
This is no superstitious age
To fear handwritings on the wall.

The hour of midnight long had pass'd,
Fell Darrell staggers to his bed;
But neither wealth, nor pomp, nor power,
Can purchase rest for the guilty head!

Why starteth Darrell from his couch?
Why shakes that dauntless frame of ire?
"'Tis she!" he cries; "and yet she bears
A living child of solid fire!

"I see its heart beat in its breast!
I see its angry eyeballs roll!
It calls me sire! springs to my arms!
O hell! thy flames consume my soul!"

Now, now, he rouses from his trance;
Flies from his chamber. Breaks the morn—
"Huntsmen, arouse! bring me my horse!
Lead forth the hounds, and sound your horn!

"Tantivy! 'tis a glorious day!
I long to breathe the ambient fields:
Let sluggards press the downy couch;
Be mine the joys the country yields!"

The sportsmen rouse; the horns peel forth;
The dogs in merry chorus sing;
The prancing steeds impatient neigh,
And woods, and hills, and vallies ring.

O, what a jovial cavalcade
Spreads far and wide from Littlecote Hall!
Princes might envy, kings applaud,
And Darrell is the lord of all!

The stag bounds off—sir Darrell leads!
What power shall thwart this man and horse?
Shall that low stile, 'neath shady beech,
One instant check his rapid course?

At that low stile, one blushing eve,
His heart first own'd the flame within;
His soul approved, his brain resolved,
To perpetrate that deadlie sin.

Now, o'er his head, the carrion crow,
Black omen! from the beech-tree screams.
"Avaunt!" he cried, and urged the leap,
"Omens I scorn alike, and dreams!"

Ah! on the stile, with babe all fire,
Sad Emma sits! The steed turns round.
"Can spectre in the glare of day,
The guilty haunt on open ground?

"It cannot be!" He reins his horse,
To the hilt he drives the goring spurs;
His eyes are closed—"Here's neck or nought!"
The beast springs on—again demurs.

Headlong the murderer of his child
Is thrown! no more to taint the air.
Littlecote vault contains his corpse,
And Popham now is Darrell's heir.

Not all the blood of all the Pophams
Can wash this Darrell stain away;
Not all the wealth of all the Darrells
Shield Popham at his judgement day.

For yet remains the damask piece,
Within the curtain safely sewn;
And still the brain and bloody marks,
On mantel and on floor, are shewn.

And fame reports the ladie comes
With babe of fire at dead of night;
Yet harmless to the innocent,
They come to see that all is right.

While Darrell's wretched sprite, 'tis said,
As if in magic circle bound,
Oft by benighted rustic's seen,
The fatal stile to wander round.

But should the curtain, and the piece,
The marks on mantel and on floor,
For e'er be lost, and not a ghost
Renew the sad remembrance more;

Still on eternal tablet graven,
Each motive, cause, and fact shall last,
And by impartial voice of Heaven,
A final judgement-word be past.

Then God defend our judgement seats,
And grant th' unrighteous mammon, we,
Howe'er derive, may be employ'd
For our eternal pedigree!

Sufficient be the evil day!
May future Pophams flourish wide,
Renown'd for honour, virtue, faith;
Nor Darrell's wealth be Popham's pride!

CHAPTER XIII.

LADY Apreuth and her young friend slept as well as if they had been accommodated with the first bed of state in Carlton House; and, since the luxuries of the Corsican's establishment are passed by, I know not where to look up for a stronger simile.

Mr. Remley on horseback attended the ladies to Marlborough, where he took his leave, with a promise of a visit in the winter at Bath.

Lady Apreuth gave him five guineas for the waggoner and his boy, and added —"You know, sir, that from time immemorial it has been a sacred custom, when any one has escaped from danger, to shew

gratitude to the Deity by offerings to the instruments of his preservation; now, as I cannot make any present of the kind to you, I must beg you will be my almoner to the poor of your parish, merely as a testimony of our thanksgiving to God." And she presented him with fifty pounds for that purpose, to which the heroine of this tale, from her own private purse, insisted upon adding ten more.

Mr. Remley did not refuse the offering, but he resolved to take good care so to dispose of the money among the poor, that it might not be the means of debarring the paupers of the parish allowance, as well he knew that too often the *gift of charity* is made only a *saving of the parish chest.*

After a little consideration he adopted the following; he took a small farm of about forty acres, that happened to be vacant; the fifty pounds paid for the present stock; and he divided the whole in one or more acres among the necessitous and industrious poor who wanted employment, at the price of thirty shillings a year per

acre, which paid the rent and the taxes. I could enter into details of the success of this scheme; but it is sufficient to add, that while it gave the means of independence to some, and increased the price of labour to others, it produced a general spirit of industry, honesty, and sobriety.

Without any further accident lady Apreuth arrived at Bath. Here she was disappointed in seeing Miss Ffloyd, and therefore having written to sir David, continued her journey into Devonshire. Some change they found had taken place in the parish and the neighbourhood, through the young priest's enlarged means of doing good. The spirit of reformation had begun at the fountain-head, and was proceeding with favourable gales. The wilful ignorance, bigotry, and tyranny, of a few rich farmers, had, for many years, lessened the spiritual means and efforts of the lower orders. Worldly consequence and pride had entered even into the church, and naturally produced the same effect as elsewhere. Thus utility, convenience, and

benefit, had been frequently blighted in their early growth. An opportunity of employing the poor had been opposed by the rich farmers, because, in that case, they would not have gained the labour of the lower order so easily or so cheaply; and the parish-officers were more disposed to pay the useless women and children two or three shillings a-week for nothing, and get their labour when needed for sixpence or eightpence a-day, than suffer them to earn from five to ten shillings a-week, independent of themselves, through the whole year. It may astonish the dwellers in towns how this may be, yet nothing clearer. Some support would be required while the poor are learning the new trade. We will give you no support unless you work for us, say the overseers; and the instant any one attempted to learn, she was told to look to the new work for her means of livelihood, which, of course, required some time to acquire a knowledge of, sufficient to gain a support. If the magistrates were applied to, and they ordered

parish pay, then the complainants were instantly employed in picking stones, working in the fields, and any the most disagreeable employment, and the most inapplicable to the prosecution of that which they were desirous of learning. It had been in vain to argue about the diminution of the poor-rates, and the improved state of the poor; the combined principle of selfishness pervaded mere interest. But by great individual exertion, by the powerful influence which a vicar is able to exert in his own parish, and by the assistance of the more respectable of his neighbours, Mr. Apreuth at length succeeded. Here he acted upon a general principle, but he had elsewhere to encounter individual feeling. In the very church, self-consequence usurped not only the best place, but "enough and to spare," and no willingness *to spare* appeared.

Every alteration, or necessary reparation, in the church, diminished the convenient sittings of the poor, and monopolized the public spaces with private occupation. If

a rich farmer retired from business, and built him a house, the old church-seats went with the farm; and he took from the places of the poor what his consequence required for himself, family, and servants: and often they who had one seat got two, and they who had already two gained a third, by taking another farm, and claiming a seat as belonging to it, and declared that they wanted it to accommodate an enlarged family, or their friends and acquaintance, or they required it because they had a right to it. By these means were the poor in a great degree excluded from their parish-church, or were driven into corners, where they could not see, or hear, or rest. In vain had the curate, during the long illness of the last vicar, opposed this monopoly of pride; all he gained was ill-will. His principal, from bad health, was thus unable to interfere; then it was not one dignified churchman's concern; it was a very disagreeable business to another; it was a subject of apprehension to a third; and to the diocesan

himself it was too trifling a concern. And this the young vicar found was the greatest cause of schism in the country; namely, the poor and others being turned out of their usual places at church, for the greater convenience and consequence of the rich and great, particularly where there is no conscientious resident squire, minister, and independent churchwardens.

But pass we rapidly over these evils, not as other great men have passed, but with the hope that they are gone; and let us proceed with Mr. Arthur Apreuth, who, in spite of all opposition, has enlarged the school-room, and built a new gallery for the use of all who have no other place of sitting. So far, so well, till another innovation of pride takes place, when there shall be no resident incumbent to support the rights of the poor, for we can perpetuate nothing here on earth; Corruption is ever insinuating herself, and even the firmest establishment of Virtue and Charity are by her undermined.

The new gallery of Barlton was opened the Sunday after the lady dowager Apreuth and Miss Chamont arrived. They found a seat for themselves in the gallery itself, which some of the purse-proud farmers, their wives and daughters, had endeavoured to insinuate was awkward, inconvenient, and ill-adapted for hearing; there, also, the servants of the clergyman's family had a new station; and the vicar's seats, which were before in the most eligible part of the church, were henceforth to be appropriated to the aged, the deaf, and even to inhabitants of the poorhouse, to the great mortification of the self-constituted gentility adjoining, who had, a few years anterior, seized upon the common property to enlarge their new seats, and bring themselves into the vicinity of consequence. The astonishment of the parish great ones at the vicar's taste, may easily be conceived; and the slow, though efficacious nature of the practical and constant lecture on justice and humility which occurred, will be readily compre-

hended; while the following conversation of Mr. Apreuth, with a rich farmer, upon the occasion, will probably in the best light shew the mind of all parties.

The minister had resolved to throw his own and servants' seats into one for the convenience of the parish, and, wishing for a single seat of three, that farmer Bokly laid claim to, and held for the same good purpose, he offered a larger and a better one in the gallery.—"No, sir; I don't choose to part with my freehold."

"It is not your freehold, though your land may be. You certainly, in my opinion, have no right to it; yet I offer you a more eligible one, because I want that for a particular purpose."

"Not my freehold? why, I bought it with the estate."

"Part of it you might take possession of at the same time; the other part was taken from the sittings of the poor when the seat was altered, about ten years ago, or I am misinformed upon the subject."

"I am not talking, sir, of the little bit

I took in; it's altogether now, and I've got possession, and that alone is nine-tenths of law, and my wife and daughters like this seat better than the other, which be but little shabby seats."

"Then give up your other seats: they will yet better suit me."

"Why, parson, you'd make a person think that you wanted to take his property from him. And who d'ye think will sit in that gallery?"

"You have heard me before say that my family will."

"Ay, not long, I fancy; all gawky, and staring, and up stairs. Why, it's being as low and vulgar as the singers in theirs."

"Is that all you have to say against it? Is it not as warm and as light, and as well adapted for seeing and hearing, as any in the church? besides, it must be less damp."

"Well, all that may be, but gentry like to sit among gentry; and so, parson, I wont be tricked out of my aisle-seat."

Mr. Apreuth could never be offended by such a one, and he calmly answered—"As you like; you don't mind the approximation, morning, noon, or night, for your interest, with any of the parish at other times; and, methinks, farmer, if there be equality any where, it should be in the house of God; and, on a Sunday, dress and cleanliness take away many objections to associating with the lower orders. I am sorry you refuse my offer; I hope to succeed better with my wife, my mother, and some company I expect, before the opening of the gallery."

"Ha! ha!" said Mr. Bokley; "I don't think you'll get them to sit in your new gallery, like no better than so many singer-people; nor I don't suppose, sir, after all, that you choose to give up, for good and all, your snug servants' seat, and make them always sit in your gallery."

"I know no farmer who wants it; and

I am not disposed to turn the common people yet more out of the body of the church."

"Where should work-people sit, and paupers, and such like?"

"If you do not think them wiser and better than yourselves, they should sit where they can best hear the word of God."

"It isn't mere hearing," said the farmer.

"No," rejoined his minister, "nor out of church either. Will seeing be convincing to you?"

"Ay, perhaps, sir, when I've had a good long clear sight upon the business."

The gentlemen parted without further conviction; and in less than a month after this conversation, Mr. Bokly would have given his two best seats for the despised one in the gallery; he did not wish for a longer view upon the subject; but arrangements had taken place with other persons, and not a vacancy was to be obtained in

this, now become the most fashionable place.

Mr. Arthur Apreuth, with the best heart in the world, and as innocent in his actions as a lamb, could not escape the plausibility of censure; in truth, he did not try to avoid that which I allude to. If there was a virtue that he carried to an extreme, it was the avoidance of hypocrisy. From the moment of entering the church to his departure, every emphasis and action were the result of feeling and of conviction; nothing was done for show, nothing to keep up appearances; here censure could form no complaint that lived beyond the day. At length it was remarked, that he often went up into the pulpit with a light and careless step, and Cowper was quoted against him; and sometimes he has been found guilty of that poet's other sin—he has preached a short sermon.

These complaints never reached his ears; but a heavy accusation, which a noble lord adduced, was told him again, that he rode

fast from church to church. Now his lordship could positively prove the fact, for, as he generally travelled on a Sunday, Mr. Arthur had briskly passed by his wearied cattle, and his lordship had inquired at the turnpike, who the gentleman was? It happened the following winter, that in the discussion of the curate's bill, the chief offences of the parochial clergy became the subject of remark, and thus heavily came the charge from their adversary—"They ride with indecent haste from church to church, hurrying over the services, &c." From the former remark, there appeared a personal allusion; and in the autumn, as Mr. Apreuth expected, he again overtook his lordship, on a Sunday, going down to his country-seat about thirty miles further. Mr. Arthur stopt at the turnpike, and left the following.

"My lord, my chapel-of-ease is six miles from the parish-church, to which I have gratuitously volunteered a second service, part of the year, for the benefit of my parishioners; and it is necessary, that I may

perform my real duty properly (not to dwell on a Sunday-school, which I wish to inspect), that I ride, as your lordship truly remarked last year, very fast from church to church: but, exclusive of the convenience and propriety in my case, (and, alas! my lord, how many unbeneficed brethren have I, who have yet more urgent motives!) I confess that I like to ride fast, as the ride is remarkably dreary and cold, as your lordship sees and feels, by every window of your carriage being drawn up; and I have no motive to ride slower, unless to gain the applause of your lordship and persons of your opinion for so doing; and how far I perform the service decently, if you will stop at the next village you arrive at, you may have positive proof of. May I very respectfully propose a subject for your lordship's conscientious contemplation as you ride along?—Are such offences as I and some others of my brethren are convicted of, or sabbath-breaking, by card-parties, or concerts, or travelling, on that day, or public or fashionable dinners, not

allowing servants and others the means of frequenting a place of worship, the greater sin?—Oh, my lord, is it no sin to traduce the characters of humble ministers, for no immoral, irreligious, or in any respect injurious, offence before God, while the system of priestly ease and aggrandizement, by sinecures and pluralities, is partially defended, or silently passed over? Will the paying tithe of mint and cummin excuse the neglect of the greater matters of the Christian law? Is the metaphor of the beam and the mote difficult to understand and to apply?—I *expect* to overtake your lordship to-morrow, and I write this in readiness."

Mr. Apreuth never heard that this nobleman noticed the subject afterwards, and the next time he came into the country he travelled another road. We hear, in the present day, a great deal of the *canting* of different kinds of religionists; is there not more canting by men all but avowed infidels—I mean practical ones—whenever it suits them? Such as these have always

on their lips the honour of the church, the encouragement of the establishment, propriety of conduct, zeal against all schism and heresy; while interest is the sum of their honour and their conscience. The minister is their scapegoat. The following epigram was made on one of these, who publicly said—"It is the duty of every clergyman to make his parishioners honest and good; and if he suffers from their wickedness, he deserves it.

> "If each *must* make his flock honest and true,
> Hard is his lot who has the care of you."

Mr. Arthur lived at no great distance from a large town, in which he had many acquaintance; and besides he had a variety of pleasant neighbours in the country, men of learning, information, and of business, and ladies of high respect, of amiable manners, and of very pleasing talents. Such was the interest that an acquaintance with Miss Chamont excited in the human breast, that rarely a gentleman, young or old, once was in her company without

wishing to increase his intimacy. Among others, the venerable doctors Parron and Jacks, although they fell not in love with our heroine (at least neither of them ever openly expressed that love), yet evidently shewed a particular pleasure in conversing with her, or rather it should be said, in edifying her mind by their luminous, comprehensive, and correct views upon most subjects; and it is a temptation, not to be resisted, to give the reader a further introduction to them.

They were both first-rate classics, and among their own partisans each was the first scholar in England. Both had spent the better part of their life in the superintendence and education of youth; but all the advantages of superior application had been in favour of Jacks; the result, one might have supposed, would have been, that in promiscuous companies, Jacks had felt the greater scholastic confidence; but it was not so. Jacks indeed was sufficiently magisterial among his dependants, and at all times enough of the dignified

reserve of superior wisdom was seen; but he was not noticed for bouncing forth among his equals: while Parron would unbend, and almost play at scholarship with the young tyroes of literature, and without a moment's preparation, rouse himself, and meet the most renowed champions. Invite to your house doctor Parron, and every stranger who had long heard of and admired his learning, found in him a chivalrous knight of admirable courtesy, who was willing enough to tilt with him from the stoutest lance to a bull-rush; but invite doctor Jacks, and he ventured forth as his humour was disposed; and if at once he fancied any one was inclined to call him out, and to try his skill, he wrapt himself close in his defensive armour of mere affirmation and negation, and was impenetrable to all the attacks around him. Doctor Jacks would often illume the company with his powerful mind; but no one could say how far he came prepared to exhibit himself, whether

or not the subject had been his peculiar study, or if the effort was not solely owing to happy recollection at the time: his intimates, or rather his favourites, were always boasting of the wonderful produce of his richly-cultivated mind; but the stranger had generally to glean hard for a few grains of the promised harvest. Now, if doctor Jacks thus disappointed the curiosity of the searching philosopher, he took care not to disappoint his expectation by the exhibition; while Parron never disappointed the curiosity, though he might for a while the expectation—a while, I say, for let him commit himself with the most careless discourse, he was sure at length to come to the point; and as mankind, when liberally dealt with, are liberal in return, so the mental extravagance of Parron was as often allowed for a proof of superior worth, as the avarice of Jacks: in short, Parron was certainly the most learned and unlearned, the most wise and foolish of the two; but, if to conceal knowledge is no

better than ignorance, Jacks must fairly be reckoned the most ignorant.

The day after lady Apreuth and Miss Chamont's arrival, Dr. Parron, in his informal way, came in.—"The anticipated pleasure of seeing you to-day, ladies, certainly broke my rest last night. How is my dear good brave friend, general Maurice? Miss Chamont, have you followed my advice, and supplied yourself with a lexicon; it is absolutely necessary to every lady's library. Like Milton's daughters, all sensible women ought to learn to read the Greek characters, if it be only to study the derivatives of so many words in the English language; I don't say a word of proceeding any farther. But I suppose now, since your French jaunt, you are all accomplished in that language. I envy you your *sight* more than all you *heard* there. The French, of all nations, are a nation to be *looked* at; ay, and they give us something worth *eating* too; but for the other three senses, I hope never to come in contact with a French-

man. But, poor as I am, I'll give the best thing I'm in possession of, except my old English comfort, which keeps me at home, to see that little rascal, Nap. He has led off a few pretty dances for the Grand Nation already, and he'll strike out a few more novelties for it before he has done with it."

"You would give up any thing but your comfort to see him, doctor," said lady Apreuth; "I think you would demur about some of your books."

"Not one, my lady. I've a few good books, but they are so good that they are cheaply to be bought again. I never had money enough to make me a curiosity-library, nor wit enough to relish it if I had it."

"But some of your books, I suppose," said Miss Chamont, archly, "have a few marginal notes, not to be met with elsewhere, particularly in that Greek character which you recommend to me; and you would not give up this labour, or plaything, if you like, of yours, to see a

Corsican, to use an old phrase of your own, bullying the French?"

"My pretty wit, but I would; for I trust my brains are like the bowels of a spider, that I don't lose by my spinning from them."

"Here is Mr. and Mrs. Negative and their son coming," said Mr. Arthur, in a note which seemed to say—"I am sorry for it."

Parron took his mind at once—"I'll soon get rid of them for you."

"Do, I beseech you, Dr. Parron, be on your guard."

"Pho! pho! you who could risk so manfully an attack upon a lord, to fear that I shall offend an insignificant commoner or two."

"But, in that case, there was a provocation."

"Direct and studied—this will be indirect and not intended; therefore I must act accordingly.—Do you ever know me making blunders?" he remarked, laughing. "But Miss Chamont, as I was say-

ing, I'd give my best book for what your sharp eyes collected in France, though I might except an old Bible, if any one was to have the book but yourself."

The servant announced Mr. Mrs. and Mr. Samuel Negative, of all whom it is only necessary to say, that the father was a finical coxcomb of the last century, and the son of the present, while the good lady was an happy medium between her husband and her son: though the family were generally together, for many good, and for the best of all possible reasons, yet in all points they were at variance, and the opinion, or more properly the words, of one started a controversial theme for the others. Yet I cannot resist a description of the opposite persons of the father and son as to their dress, exemplifying the fashionable beau, before and after the era of the French revolution. The exception proves the general rule; in the cut of their coats they were alike, which strengthened the contrast. The father wore powder. There was a powdering-

room in the house, though no one but himself used it: in this was a powdering-chair, with a drawer opening towards the powderer, and filled with three or four kinds of powder, and as many of hard and soft pomatum, with puffs of all sorts and kinds; here also hung a powdering-gown and powdering-mask, and there was a library of powdering-books. This room was avoided by the son as an haunted chamber, and was called "The abomination of grease and dust." Twice a-day was the father's hair turned, and frizzed, and powdered, and pomatumed, his queue bound up, and his side curls turned by the iron, and nicely adjusted.

The son's outward head underwent a different process, occupying about the same portion of time. The whole head of his hair was first rubbed with an essence, then turned with the curling-irons; it next underwent a process of rubbing in a tricosian or other fluid; one of which (I know not which to accuse) had in one night turned every hair white, and the next at-

tempt made the whole green; it was therefore now become necessary to stain the hair every day; and wonderful stories had transpired of the state of young Mr. Negative's nightcaps. In the number of head-articles he far surpassed his father, among which the most renowned were honey and bear's-grease. Since the green-headed metamorphosis, the wit of dress-ridicule was greatly on the side of the father. The father wore a stock well plaited and adjusted, and the evening one served for the following morning; while the son arranged three neckcloths one over the other in regular folds twice a-day; and these never being retied, he had six times the advantage of his father, or rather his laundress had over his father's washerwoman. In shirts, too, the son doubled the father, using regularly fourteen in the week; in short, he surpassed him in the use of all kinds of linen, though it never appeared that he obtained by it a finer purity of personal odour. Add to the above busts

of father and son, a straight and a puffed double frill, and the reader must be satisfied without their full-length portraits; for every description of folly is like one of those sugar-plums, the sucking of which is in an inverse ratio to the sweetness and the pleasure.

Who cannot see their different entrances into Mr. Apreuth's parlour? Pass we the usual introductory compliments, against which the son put in his protest, as delivered by the father, that he doubted whether he were really happy in seeing Miss Chamont, as he was conscious that he should be a sufferer from the circumstance, and the more so from the addition of French graces which the lady had collected. The father instantly denied that any French assistance could improve Miss Chamont; while Mrs. Negative entertained lady Apreuth and the lady of the mansion with the *pros* and *cons* of herself, husband, and son, about their early visit. In a few minutes a dispute arose between the father and son,

whether Buonaparte was fat or lean? which the matron of the family overhearing, wished to decide upon; but doctor Parron, raising his voice, remarked—" They who have so lately and frequently seen him can, I should think, give you the most correct intelligence on the subject." The Negatives could not help, therefore, appealing to lady Apreuth and Miss Chamont, but appeared by no means satisfied when they heard that he was not a very short man, neither fat nor lean. But not only unnecessary, but unpleasant, would it be to enter into the conversation of that unmeaning snip-snap, which modern fashionables afford so many instances of. Doctor Parron stretched out both his arms, and yawned; and walking to the window, presently called out—" Arthur, come here; don't I see our friend Jacks's carriage passing at the back of the shrubbery?"

" Where?" said the three Negatives, and ran to the window.

" It can't be!" said the younger; " he

has so many things to employ him, he rarely comes out so soon."

"I have no doubt of it," said the father; "he hates late visiting, and dines, you know, very early."

"Not very early," said the son.

"If it was his carriage," said Mr. Apreuth, "we can't see it now, for it must have turned behind the barns and stables, and we shan't perceive it till it has mounted the hill, and drives up to the door."

The Negatives began talking together, and all together.

Doctor Parron spoke to Mr. Apreuth. —"I asked him, jokingly, the other day, if he had forgiven you the letter to a certain nobleman, and he somewhat pithily answered me, that it was no concern of his; but if, like myself, he had known your mind before the letter was left at the turnpike, he would have endeavoured to have prevented your leaving it; that he should not have mentioned his objection to it, but as your friend; and he added, at the same

time, that he should call on lady Apreuth as soon as she came into the country."

"Then this is the doctor clear enough," said Mrs. Negative, "and I must stay and see this formidable scholar and master," looking at her husband and son.

Lady Apreuth and Mr. Arthur were expressing their esteem for doctor Jacks, when the Messrs. Negative, they found, had resolved to depart immediately, and in vain the lady argued upon former intentions; for here the father and son agreed, and Mrs. Negative, being both as to son and husband, like the wife of Themistocles, departed at length with a good grace.

"Now it is evident," said lady Apreuth, "that the father and son are acquainted with, yet don't wish to meet doctor Jacks, yet at the same time they acquiesced in our praises of him."

"The case is," said doctor Parron, "that they are afraid of him. Doctor Jacks, you know, was the conductor of the *first* situation in the kingdom, you sons of Iris say, for young men. There Mr. Negative sent

this only son of his hopes. Doctor Jacks not only gave him good advice, but he gave the father some too. He clearly and fully convinced them both, that they acted like a couple of fools, but he could not convert either of them. 'Sir,' said he once to the son, 'who was summoned before him for some improprieties, you have little actual vice about you, but you have much folly. I would have you make a change, sir, in your dress, your language, and your manners. Cannot you look around you, and see young men who lack what you have, and have what you need? are they not amiable men, accomplished gentlemen, and sound Christians? cannot you imitate them?' At another time, when the father had written, and at length personally interfered concerning his son, doctor Jacks quickly dismissed Mr. Negative with one short interview; and then, endeavouring to convince the son of the weakness of his informing his father, in addition to his other folly, concluded—'Fare you well, sir; though you appear

cut off at right angles from your father, I cannot divine with whom you will ever run parallel.' It is a consciousness that doctor Jacks knows the inmost recesses of their minds and hearts, that they are both of them at the very bottom of the school again when they come into his presence."

No doctor Jacks appeared, though Mr. Negative was every moment looking back from the dicky, and his son popping his head out of the window, to the amusement of the company at the vicarage, as far as they could view them.

"My very good and faithful friend," said Mr. Arthur, seriously addressing doctor Parron, "may I beg you'll never mention that *unlucky* letter, as I almost begin to consider it, before strangers again. It will be a theme of continual speculation for the Negatives, till they have found or invented something to cavil about."

"What then, my dear young friend? If it be false, it will soon expire of itself; if the truth, it can do you no harm."

"The world in general may think of it

as doctor Jacks does, and I do not brave the world's censure. You know it was from a casual remark of yours, that I thought it right to mention the whole to doctor Jacks."

"He spake as a worldly wise man—as a courtier: I'm certain in his heart he commends you. It was necessary, my dear Arthur, for such a good-natured, peaceable, and silent man as you are, to give a hint to the country at large, that you could exert yourself, if you thought it necessary; and I am convinced that you had rather the specimen should come through a lord, than through a pauper; but far be it from me to wish to lead you into my opposition-errors of ministers, influence, and interest."

Mr. Arthur clearly explained to the very worthy man, that any appearance of a vaunt of publicity was the only thing he wished to avoid—"Had not his lordship arraigned my conduct, from the window of his carriage, in the face of my pa-

rishioners going to church, I might have passed over his philippic at sir Simon Courtley's, and his allusion in the H. of L. In the last case, from my supposed offence, he made it a general charge against my brethren, and I have endeavoured to be their advocate."

"And I yours; but you may rest contented I'll not intrude your name, though I have had an opportunity to let his lordship know your character."

"How so, doctor Parron?"

"I met him at the anniversary of a public society in town; and, seeing in the room the young barrister, your friend, I desired him, when he saw me standing near his lordship, to come up to me and ask, in an audible voice, if I did not live near you in Wales? I had thus an opportunity of cursorily speaking of you, but I took care my hearer should not perceive the plot."

Mr. Arthur and the ladies could not help smiling at the glee with which the

good doctor narrated the anecdote, and thinking on doctor Parron *quizzing* the earl of Legality.

Doctor Jacks's carriage now drove up to the door, and, after a little desultory conversation had passed, doctor Parron ventured to tell him by what means he had got rid of the Negative family. He took it in good part.—" I am much obliged to you; in this case I would rather create fear than love. And now I'll tell you, in confidence, when you want to send *me* off, you may have recourse to the same kind of hint."

" I have a great superiority too against you," said doctor Parron; " any fool will make you retreat; but of all the wise men in our neighbourhood, I know none that these Negatives feel any awe of, but you. Ah! my friend, I have often occasion to envy the advantage you have over me, and I protest most seriously I feel it in this case."

" I can only say," replied doctor Jacks,

"that I wish I could make use of your name so easily as you can of mine."

There was nothing to prevent doctor Jacks unbending, and there was something in the look of Miss Chamont, as she listened to his conversation (as he once told her. and it was the highest compliment he was ever known to pay to a lady), that made it a pleasure for him to talk before her.

In a few minutes Mrs. Apreuth addressed the two doctors.—"Would it be agreeable to you to inspect my new school, after Bell and Lancaster's plans?"

They both readily agreed. When they returned—"I am quite astonished," said doctor Parron; "it will not end here; it will proceed up to our public schools, and through our universities."

"It is the most perfect method of *teaching* I ever saw," said doctor Jacks; "but the very perfection of the machinery will, I think, in the superior pieces, occasion too great a sameness. Here, indeed, there is no need of corporeal discipline, because punishment systematically follows the er-

ror of every word: but if a master had the care of all these children *out* of school, what would be the best method to restrain the improper wanderings of body and mind? and how far reason would extend beyond the precincts of this building? are questions which would arise, and make us take a different view of the subject."

CHAPTER XIV.

One morning Miss Chamont, walking out with Mr. and Mrs. Apreuth to the extremity of their fields, remarked—"Who is that old man coming down the lane, so wretched in the whole of his appearance?"

"His name," said Mr. Apreuth, "is John Brown; he lives near the church; if he were clean, he would not look so squalid."

"What a bold look, and how upright

he walks, and brandishes his staff, as if he knew its use!" continued Miss Chamont.

"He has been a soldier," replied Mrs. Apreuth, "and I remember him, as he now appears to you, ever since I was a child. He seeks no company, and no one seeks for him. You hear him cough; he stops and knits his beetled brows at us: so has he always been to me. But I have often seen him well clothed from head to foot, and he is better off than the other paupers, having a small sum paid him monthly by my husband, by the desire of lord Atheling, when he was in the neighbourhood, and noticed him."

"What! this is the very soldier whom I've heard you all speak of?"

"The same," replied Mr. Apreuth; "I have never yet questioned him upon the business. We'll give him a trifle, and hear what he has to say. How do you do, John?"

"I thank your honour—your reverence, I should say. Why, sir, I'm very poorly

with the old rheumatics, and this cough. Can't get any rest."

"How old are you, John?"

"I'm seventy-nine, sir."

"Why don't you wash yourself?"

"I sometimes do, sir."

"Why not every week and every day? You've been a soldier, and must know the comfort of cleanliness."

"Comfort, your reverence—I'd twenty years of it. I, like a fool, left father and mother, went to the fair and enlisted a soldier, when I was seventeen. Ah! your reverence, *that's* upon my concience; I broke father and mother's heart, for I was their only child."

"Is nothing else on your conscience?"

"No." He spoke heartily and loud. "No, sir."

"I've heard a strange story—I know not if it be true or false—I never asked you, how that you once shot at your captain*?"

* Captain Fosset.

"Sir," replied the old man, interrupting further question, "I killed him dead—I don't deny it."

"What! kill your own officer?" exclaimed Miss Chamont.

"Yes, madam; I did right; I shot him dead."

"But," said Mr. Apreuth, "you did not know who he was?"

"I guessed well enough: but, if I'd not shot him, he'd have had me flogged."

"What do you mean?"

"He'd got thirteen of us tied to the halberds that very morning and flogged cruelly. I was resolved I'd not be scourged to death, if I could help it; so I did my duty."

"How so, John?"

"Your reverence, I challenged him three times—'Who comes here?' and the old man three times repeated it, with all animation. "He would not answer; so I fired."

"But surely he would not have had you flogged for not shooting at him?"

"What for, your reverence, I can't say; but if I had not shot him, I should have been flogged the next morning. My poor comrades little knew what they were flogged for."

"How could that be? every man's offence is stated."

"Ay, sir, but he was a captain; and a poor centinel has no witness, and who is to speak for him? Your reverence little knows how many things there are to get a poor soldier flogged for! Thirteen he got flogged that morning—his word was enough; so I shot him."

"Where was this?"

"In the park at London, and very near the palace. He came creeping on hands and knees, in hopes to catch me off my guard and get me flogged. I challenged three times—'Who comes here?' It was night; past eleven o'clock; he gave no answer, and I shot him."

"Were you tried for this?"

"Yes, yes, they tried me, and the two centinels on each side of my guard swore

they heard me challenge, and that he made no answer. I was acquitted. All the soldiers hated him; all were glad; ay, your reverence, some of the officers gave me money afterwards: they didn't like these court-martials much, and they all said I did my duty. Sir, if I had not shot him, I should have been flogged next morning. Ah! I've felt it, sir. They flogged me three times."

"What for?"

"The corporal, when I was drilling, struck me across the face. Here is the mark; I shall bear it to my grave! I knocked him down. They broke the corporal, and gave me two hundred lashes. As soon as I was well, sir, I deserted. They sent a party after me. A serjeant caught hold of me; I cut off his hand, and fought as well as I was able. But I was soon overpowered, and tried, and flogged —four hundred lashes, sir."

"Then you were quiet?"

"I was obliged to be. They sent me abroad. There I married a wife, and had

two children. Poor creatures! they all died of the smallpox: and so at last, when I was sick, and lame, and poor, they discharged me, and sent me home to the parish. Here I've lived nigh forty years."

"Did your parents leave no property?"

"I know I've been a fool, your reverence. I got in liquor, and sold my inheritance, and spent the money."

"But is not folly, John, too often, sin and wickedness? I hope you are correct about that fatal night. It is not mine to judge you. You are not ignorant, as I have often found, when I have before conversed with you, of your duty both to God and man."

"I hope not, your reverence; pray God forgive my sins, and, above all, my cruelty to father and mother: *that* hangs upon my conscience."

"It was a shocking thing to shoot your captain."

"It might be shocking, but I did my duty. He'd had my comrades flogged,

and if I had not shot him, would have tied me up the next morning."

"To God and to your conscience, I must leave you; as you know your duty, labour, in all cases, to subdue your temper, and perform it."

"God bless your reverence! God bless you, ladies!"

The old man walked off; and if his conscience found no relief by the confession, his body appeared the better for it, by his bolder and quicker step, and yet more confident carriage*.

* This conversation is almost *verbatim* from the very words of the old man, who, upon his deathbed, still evinced to the minister the very feelings here described; that is, he felt remorse for having deserted his father and mother in his youth, but he had not one qualm of conscience, for having coolly and deliberately shot and killed one whom he thought might be, and proved to be, his captain. Indeed, so far from feeling remorse, his poorer neighbours say, that when at any time he had taken too cheerful a glass, he boasted—he gloried in having shot captain Fosset; and he was accustomed to say, that the soldiers had agreed among themselves to take the first opportunity of shooting him, for getting so many of them flogged; and the old man added, that, though he chal-

As they were observing him, a person who had been waiting at a distance came with an evidently-confident smile towards them.—" This is a gentleman, *not* of my church," said Mr. Arthur, " but who has a cousin to be buried, and asked *my permission* to bury him in linen. I replied, it was not in my power to grant it."

The man came up.—" Give me leave, sir, to ask you one question."

" If you please, sir."

" You inform me, sir, that the law says my cousin must be buried in woollen: now, sir, I conceive the Gospel supersedes the law, and Matthew xxvii. 59; Mark xv. 46; Luke xxiii. 53; and John xix. 40, and elsewhere, say, that Jesus himself was buried *in linen*."

" You are very correct, I believe, sir," Mr. Apreuth answered; " but though, I trust, we live and die by the Gospel, *we*

lenged thrice, he said the words as fast as he was able, and fired immediately; and that the other centinels were ready to attest any thing in his favour.

must bury by mere English law: yet, if you choose to bury where our Saviour himself was buried, I have no doubt you may bury in linen."

The man bowed and departed.

"Though a tour to the Holy Land is quite the fashion of the present day," said Miss Chamont, "I conclude he will not take his kinsman there to be buried."

"I never refused to bury any Christian," remarked Mr. Apreuth, "and I have found the Dissenters very reasonable, and by no means intrusive of objections against our service; yet I should do an injustice to many respectable men to consider them all alike, for there are those who particularly object to, and ridicule the burial-service. Now, if unluckily such a case was to occur to me, am I to prostitute the sacred office, for the mere sake of appearance and convenience, while the very party who requires it, so far from believing in its efficacy, has at all times condemned it? Yet, according to sir John Nichol, this is my duty."

“Oh, I am no casuist in this case,” said the lady.

Mr. Arthur continued—“If it had been said, every Englishman has a right to be buried in the churchyard of the parish where he dies, well and good; be it so. But when it is declared that the parish minister *must* read the burial-service over that person, and at the pleasure of those who have ever denied its holy worth, it appears to me a great ignorance of religion. What, may any person conform or not, changing and rechanging, just as it suits a worldly motive? I am sure a Baptist would not baptize in this way any one, because it was convenient for him to be made personally clean; nor any conscientious Dissenter administer the sacrament, for the sake of obliging the requirer with a mouthful of food; yet, if a person argues—‘Though I and my party have always abominated and vilified every service of the church of England, yet, since it will appear decorous, will save me some money, and will be very convenient to me

to have my friend buried by a minister of the establishment, I will insist upon it; and the law, we are told, allows the right."

"Yet there is an argument," said Miss Chamont, "that I think the Dissenter may offer—if the minister is to choose whom he will, or will not bury, he *may* refuse to bury any of us."

"And to that I answer, let the friends of the person to be buried at least testify to the minister in writing their respect for that burial-service which they require, or otherwise, I must say, according to my friend, who has just left us, that sir John's law is contrary to the Gospel. But here are my churchwardens.—Where are you going, gentlemen?"

One of them answered—"To inquire of Mr. Avary if he will subscribe to that charity, sir? and we wish you would go with us."

"Certainly."

"I hope, sir," said the other, "you have got your strong reasons ready, for I fear we shall have some difficulty."

"Surely not in this case; and *my* reasons are already known and approved, I believe, by all the parish; but if he object, I shall only answer his objections. You may go with us, ladies, if you like."

Mrs. Apreuth and Miss Chamont declined, and walked back to the house.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Avary received the clergyman and the churchwardens with due decorum—"If you please to take a chair, sir.—Sit down, neighbours."

Clergyman.—"We call upon you, Mr. Avary, on account of the charity, which I lately mentioned."

Mr. Avary.—"I know nothing at all about it, sir."

Clerg.—"I have endeavoured to explain it clearly and distinctly."

Mr. A.—"Yes, it was all right enough; I have nothing to say against it."

Clerg.—“ Will you give us leave then, sir, to put down your name as a subscriber?”

Mr. A.—“ Oh! no, sir, no.”

Clerg.—“ What may be your objection, sir?”

Mr. A.—“ I have no objection. It may be all very well; but it does not concern me.”

Clerg.—“ I beg your pardon, sir. Every charity does concern every man who is able to assist it. It is but a small sum that is required, and there is no other method of promoting the good, but by a voluntary contribution.”

Mr. A.—“ Let people who choose to bring forward these things carry them on themselves. We have subscriptions enough in our own parish, and in our own neighbourhood.”

Clerg.—“ They are all very trifling. I do not suppose you pay a farthing in the pound for——”

Mr. A.—“ Sir! what, sir? The poor-rates alone are many shillings in the pound!”

Clerg.—"The poor-rates are no charity. The indigent poor have as much right to your share of the parish-allowance, as you have to the estate for which you pay it. Your estate was bought by you so much the cheaper, because it was subject to the poor-rate: it is the same with tithes; many estates pay them; many are tithe-free; some have the tithe of their neighbours annexed to them; and clergymen, if they rent or have land of their own, pay, or not, according as the property they hold is, or is not, subject to them. The poor-rates, any more than the tithes, are no voluntary charitable donations."

Mr. A.—"Very well, sir, very well; but I do not see what right any one has to reckon up what is the whole that I give away."

Clerg.—"You will excuse me; I only, on account of the present application and your reference, made a hasty calculation upon your *public* charities in *this* parish: sir, I am not presuming to judge of your *pri-*

vate charities here or elsewhere: I hope, therefore, as you see how small the amount of the demand has been here, that you will add a trifle to the present one."

Mr. A.—" No, no, sir; I shall do no such thing, sir; I have other ways of disposing of my money. I have had many losses lately."

Clerg.—" Sir!"

Mr. A.—" Yesterday a horse died; it has been a bad lambing-season; and my crops don't look very well in some places."

Clerg.—" It is in vain for me to attempt to answer you in these points; but I have not heard a word of any accident in our parish out of the common course of things; and the horse, I believe, died of old age."

First churchwarden.—" He has been a very valuable old servant to you, neighbour."

Mr. A.—" Why, yes, he has been a good horse to me, I own."

Second churchwarden.—" It was a bad lambing-season, indeed, Mr. Avary; but

the young lambs thrive well now; and the corn, on the whole, I think, looks fresh and kind."

Mr. A. to Mr. Apreuth.—" No man can judge of my affairs but myself, sir. My returns don't come in as I expected."

Clerg.—" We are all of us generally disappointed in these matters."

Mr. A.—" My money, sir, has many demands upon it. I want to purchase more farming-stock—I want a great many things."

Clerg.—" Probably, sir; but this demand cannot possibly interfere with the smallest thing you want; your wants, sir, rather, I presume, arise from your acquirements."

Mr. A.—" My acquirements! Sir, I sold my wool yesterday threepence a pound less than I was offered six months ago—a great loss, you know, neighbours, there."

Second churchwarden.—" For my part, high or low, I always take market-price."

Clerg.—" But as you took your option, Mr. Avary, and chose to run the risk, I

conclude your judgment often gives you success."

Mr. A.—" Sometimes, mayhap; and next week I must go to fair, to buy some more stock, as I said, for my farm."

Clerg.—" I have heard your neighbours generally remark, that your land was in such improved cultivation, that it required more stock, and I heard it with pleasure, as it shews your greater ability to assist in a case of this kind; and I am certain, whatever price you may give for the cattle you require, that the small charity for which I have applied would not in the bargain turn the scale in either way."

Mr. A.—" I don't say so, sir; a trifling difference often prevents an agreement. I remember old Higgil missed the opportunity of selling two hundred wethers, because he wouldn't treat the dealer with a bottle of wine, and so lost two shillings a-head for them; and if young Newscrap had asked greasy Tom Bent to dine with him at Weyhill fair, he might have sold him his lambs for twenty-five; for greasy

Tom, who loves to make his bargain after dinner, gave that for some no better; but Mr. Newscrap didn't sell till next day, and then for less than twenty-three."

Clerg.—" But I do not think that these imprudences are likely to happen to you."

Mr. A.—" However that may be, sir, I have, as I said, many concerns that demand all that I have to spare; and as for these ways of collecting one's money, I can't say I approve of them; they don't belong to such as I am; they may be all very proper for you gentlemen of the cloth, and you understand them."

Clerg.—" That I have a *superior* duty to *preach* charity, I'll allow, my friend; but you cannot mean that I am *more obligated* by my profession to *practise* it than yourself?"

Mr. A.—" Why, yes, sir; I rather think that parsons should be somewhat better than other folk."

Clerg.—" And I rather think that it would be more to their advantage if they were; though I cannot allow that more is

required of them. You are a Christian, as well as myself, and know as perfectly, too, the whole of your moral duty; and, in point of charity, I do not suppose you will disagree from the maxim—that God requires most from those who have most means."

Mr. A.—"I am sure, sir, there are hundreds who have a great deal more than I have. I have nothing but what my father has fairly left me, and what I have fairly earned to it; and there are all our great lords, and great parliament-men, and rich contractors, and placemen, and pensioners, with thousands and tens of thousands a-year, most of it paid by us in rates and taxes."

Clerg.—"Too true."

Mr. A.—"Yes, sir; and *they* are most able, and *they* ought to pay and provide for these things."

Clerg.—"But however earnest the demand on *them* to do good in this way, it is no excuse for *our* want of the will; we do not see that they hang back; and indeed, when we consider the great and nu-

merous demands upon them, their dependants, and their expectants, their necessary establishment, company, style——"

Mr. A.—"All mere extravagance, dissipation, and folly."

Clerg.—"Not all. A certain rank, expence, appendage, and retinue, are required, and must consume more than our regular demands; and in point of ability, according to what this world expects of us, I think you, or even I, can afford as well, perhaps better, than most of them."

Mr. A.—"Well, well, no thanks to them if I can or can't; I know, sir, how mine, whatever it be, came, and I'll take good care how it goes."

Clerg.—"Can it go better than in doing good?"

Mr. A.—"Why, sir, it *may* be all very well; but I like to know and see, sir, whether it be really good or not. Now what I give to my labourers, and their wives and children (for they are always wanting something or other), I know how they employ it, and whether they really want it

or not; but I don't know any thing at all of these new-fangled notions, and I don't choose to have any thing to do with them."

Clerg.—"Our labourers are like other servants; every one gives them more than is actually agreed for, to make them mind their duty, and to be satisfied with their situation under us; but this is not charity, *hoping for nothing again,* for we do hope for something in return; we expect them to be grateful, to be more willing, ready, and sometimes to do extra work; and concerning the charity, for which I have applied to you to-day, sir, you have not doubted it is doing of good."

Mr. A.—"As to that, sir, I can't pretend to say what good it may, or may not do: all that glitters is not gold; and it is not only what we *give* to our poor here at home, but too many there are who *take* what they can get."

Clerg.—"And if it be a sin to *take* what is not your own, is it not a sin also to *withhold* what you do not want?"

Mr. A.—"Though I may not abso-

lutely *want*, there is a provision to be made for a man's family and relations."

Clerg.—" Is the neglect or violation of the greatest duty in our religion the best foundation to build the prosperity of a family upon? Will the trifling pittances saved from the cravings of the poor make any man rich?"

Mr. A.—" Every little makes a mickle. I don't choose, sir, to run the risk, to have what I have honestly got and hardly earned, carelessly thrown away, or idly spent."

Clerg.—" We can none of us be certain of the *result* of our good intentions—we must leave *that* to God. What we provide for our families may be abused—what we give in charity may be misapplied; but let us, at least, try to do good."

Mr. A.—" Ay, sir, let people observe good examples, how others get on in the world; let them be industrious, and honest, and pains-taking, and saving, and not marry before they have made a provision for a family."

"Thank you, neighbour," said the second churchwarden; "this advice might have suited me ten years ago; but, praised be God! I've feathered my nest pretty well, though there be a large brood in it."

Mr. Avary continued—"And if people who help the poor to beg would but teach them to provide for themselves."

Clerg.—"Why then, sir, we should be living on a new earth, and under a new heaven; for if every one had provided for himself, if there were no want, I do not think you would have many to work for you; but each person not being in immediate need, would so employ his time, that the whole profit of his labour would come only *to himself*."

Mr. A.—"Well, I can work, if it be necessary, as well as carefully keep what has been worked for; but I don't think I shall ever want people to work for me, as long as I take care to be able to pay them their wages."

Clerg.—"I don't doubt, sir, your ability, or other's need; but the charity for which

I ask your assistance, will neither hinder you from having a labourer, nor make any man idle."

Mr. A.—" I can't say that, sir; what a man don't work for, spares his labour."

Clerg.—" But there are things a great comfort to the poor, which may do them good of soul and body, and which they cannot, or have not, time or means to work for."

Mr. A.—" Yes, sir; and there are many things which might comfort me, and do me good, which, mayhap, I can't get for myself, yet nobody thinks of getting them for, or giving them to, me, at least, for nothing."

Clerg.—" If you have *but the will* to provide yourself with the things you need, I can see no other want."

Mr. A.—" Why, there, sir, I should like a better seat at church, and nearer to the parson; but who will give me up theirs? and I should like to have some part of my farm a little nearer home, if

some of my neighbours would exchange with me."

Second churchwarden.—" Some of your neighbours wouldn't have much objection to make a change, if you'll agree to the terms."

Clerg.—" But these things have nothing to do with charity."

Mr. A.—" It would be charity to me."

Clerg.—" If *such* would be charity, how much more urgent this demand!"

Mr. A.—" Hah! ah! but charity, they say, sir, should begin *at home.*"

Clerg.—" I believe, if it go no farther, nor God nor man will allow it to be *charity.* I am sorry, for your own sake, sir, I can't prevail on you to add a trifle to this charitable contribution. I wish you a good morning."

Mr. A.—" I don't see, sir, but that the law provides all necessary help and relief; and I pay my debts, and my taxes, and all my just dues. Let others do the same, and I believe we should not have so many paupers and charity-schemers."

Clerg.—"You are satisfied, sir, this is a case no law can assist. Poverty and penury may not be vices, sir; but a want of the spirit to relieve them, must be a want of the greatest Christian virtue; to give away improvidently, can be, at the most, but a venial fault; to wrap our talent in the napkin of selfishness, and put it out to no good account, is contrary to Christianity, and must be a sin."

Mr. A.—"I have ways and means of employing mine, and I chuse to select my own charity."

Clerg.—"Certainly. The charities I speak of are voluntary gifts, and a man is answerable only to his conscience and his God. The world may form a wrong estimate of a person's means and abilities; different people may see the same thing in a different light; we cannot all yield assistance in the same way, or to the same object; neither is it proper that we should. My remarks, sir, are general, and though individually addressed, far be it from me

particularly, much less personally, to apply them. I can only lament the failure of my application to you. Good-day, sir! I hope I may succeed better another time."

Mr. A.—" Your servant, sir! Good-day, neighbours! your servant, sir! Perhaps you may—but I can't say—I'll make no promises—I'll think of it—I should like to see what others do—I should like to see how things go on—how things answer—how they succeed—if the good be lasting or not—if there be any return made for the trouble, care, and expence; and if it does a little good, sir, it may do some harm—one man's meat is another man's poison; people are too hasty, sir—the world wants prudence; these things require great prudence, care, and thought."

Such were the remarks of Mr. Avary, as his visitors were leaving him.

The second churchwarden jogging the other, whispered—" I'll have another trial at him." Then calling aloud to Mr. Apreuth—" How much, sir, did you think our neighbour here would have given?"

"I did not presume to judge of the extent of another's bounty."

"Why, sir," said the farmer, whose name was Hearty, laughing, "you wouldn't have done injustice to his generosity, if your reverence had fixed a sum; but as I know, sir, you have this charity at heart, and I think it a thousand pities your good Christian-like arguments should be all thrown away, I'll give to my own subscription as much as ever you expected from my neighbour here, if you will but be so good as to put them there reasons down on paper, and I'll hang 'em up, instead of a pedigree, in my parlour, for the benefit of my children, and grandchildren, and great grandchildren, to the last generation, and they shall go with my little farm, as—what they call at my lord's—the old pictures and furniture."

"An heirloom," said Mr. Apreuth, smiling.

"Ay, an heirloom; and I'll tell you what, neighbour," continued farmer Hearty, turning to Mr. Avary—"I have reason to

thank you, if nobody else has; for I laid Harry Rollins a pound-note, and a bottle of port, that our parson, clever man as he be, didn't prevail on you to subscribe a farthing."

"You may lose your wager now, sir," said Mr. Avary, stung at his remarks, and thinking of the explanation that would always accompany the exhibition in the parlour; "for Mr. Apreuth and neighbour Wellford here heard me say just now, that I would *think of it.* Pray, sir," to Mr. Apreuth, "when is the subscription-money to be paid to the treasurer?"

Mr. Apreuth answered—"You are the last person we have to call on, and I shall pay the money to-morrow."

"Well then, sir," Mr. Avary spoke very hastily, as if he scarce dared to trust himself with his own decision, "I don't care if I pay you my subscription directly. What have my neighbours given?"

"Some," replied Mr. Apreuth, "have given five pounds."

"And I'll give you five pounds, sir; I

believe I can muster as much as that in the house." He spoke superciliously, well knowing his own ability.

Farmer Hearty turned to the window, and almost bit his under-lip through, as he suppressed a laugh, and winked his eye at farmer Wellford; while Mr. Avary, from his bureau, took out a five-pound note—"There, sir," to Mr. Apreuth, said he, "that is my subscription, and I think, friend Hearty, you have lost your wager now."

"I don't care whether I have or not," he replied, "for it will all go to the charity; but whether it was the parson's arguments, or some other logic, Mr. Apreuth himself, and neighbour Wellford, may determine when they see Harry Rollins. This I know, what with your subscription, and our parson's arguments, I was never so pleased in all my life; so good-morning to you, neighbour!"

Mr. Avary now *pressed* his company (for he had *asked* them before) to take

some refreshment, which they declined, and departed.

When they were got some little distance, they congratulated farmer Hearty on his eloquence. He turned it off—" I rubbed him up a little bit, to be sure, and I would have done it something rougher, if it had not been for respect for the parson; but, after all, we should have got nothing, if you, sir, had not closed it."

" How so?" said Mr. Apreuth.

" Why, sir, when you said you should pay the money in to-morrow, he hadn't time to cool. I should have known, sir, you were a sensible man, sir, if you had not said a word beside; but remember, sir, I'm not to lose my heirloom—there he shall see it when he comes into my parlour—but not a word of the parties."

" You shall not lose it, nor, in my opinion, your wager," said Mr. Arthur, to which the other farmer assented.

" Oh, Harry nor I don't care about that."

From the mantelpiece of farmer Hearty, I have faithfully extracted the foregoing

answers to the objections against charity; only it has been necessary here to add a word or two of the parties.

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

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